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BATMAN™ ARKHAM ASYLUM™

THE DELUXE EDITION

Living Hell

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—Ain't It Cool News

Dan Slott Ryan Sook Wade Von Grawbadger Jim Royal

BATMAN: ARKHAM ASYLUM: LIVING HELL
THE DELUXE EDITION

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ARKHAM ASYLUM

Living Hell

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Dan Slott Writer
Ryan Sook Penciller and Collection Cover Artist
Wade Von Grawbadger Ryan Sook Jim Royal Inkers
Lee Loughridge Colorist
Mike Heisler Letterer
Eric Powell Original Series Cover Artist
BATMAN Created by BOB KANE

Dan Raspler Valerie D'Orazio Editors – Original Series
Rachel Pinnelas Editor – Deluxe Edition
Robbin Brosterman Design Director – Books
Louis Prandi Publication Design

Bob Harras Senior VP – Editor-in-Chief, DC Comics

Diane Nelson President
Dan DiDio and **Jim Lee** Co-Publishers
Geoff Johns Chief Creative Officer
John Rood Executive VP – Sales, Marketing and Business Development
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BATMAN: ARKHAM ASYLUM: LIVING HELL:
THE DELUXE EDITION

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Summary: "ARKHAM ASYLUM: LIVING HELL examines the dark underbelly of Gotham's notorious "House of Madness!" Warren White, one of Gotham's most successful financiers, thought he could beat his jail rap by pleading insanity. Now he's finding out why you don't cop an insanity plea in Gotham! Expect appearances by Batman, The Joker, Two-Face, Poison Ivy, Killer Croc, and the rest of Arkham's regulars -- plus the debut of several new Rogues! This new deluxe edition collects the miniseries in hardcover for the first time, and features new sketch material from superstar artist Ryan Sook"-- Provided by publisher.
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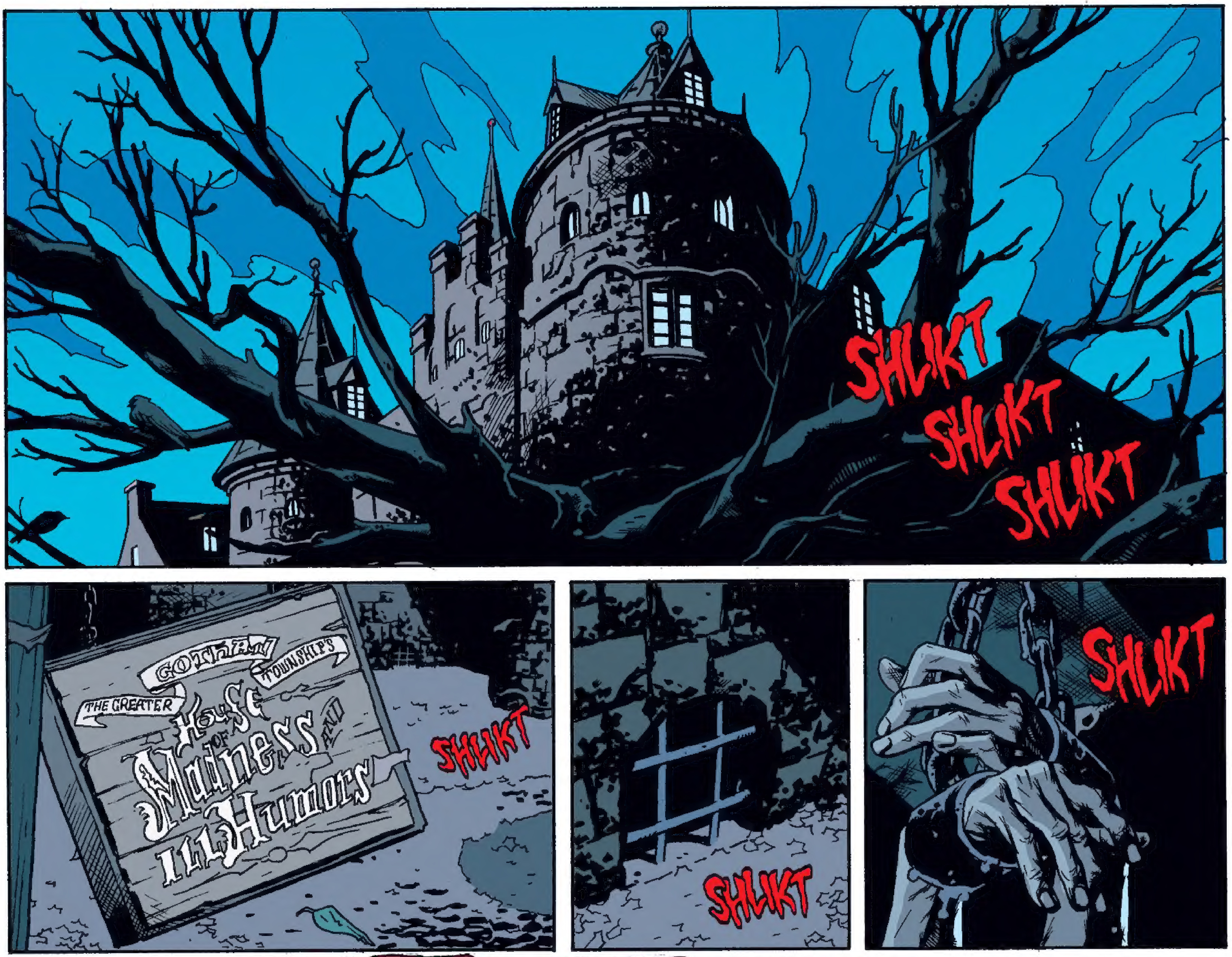
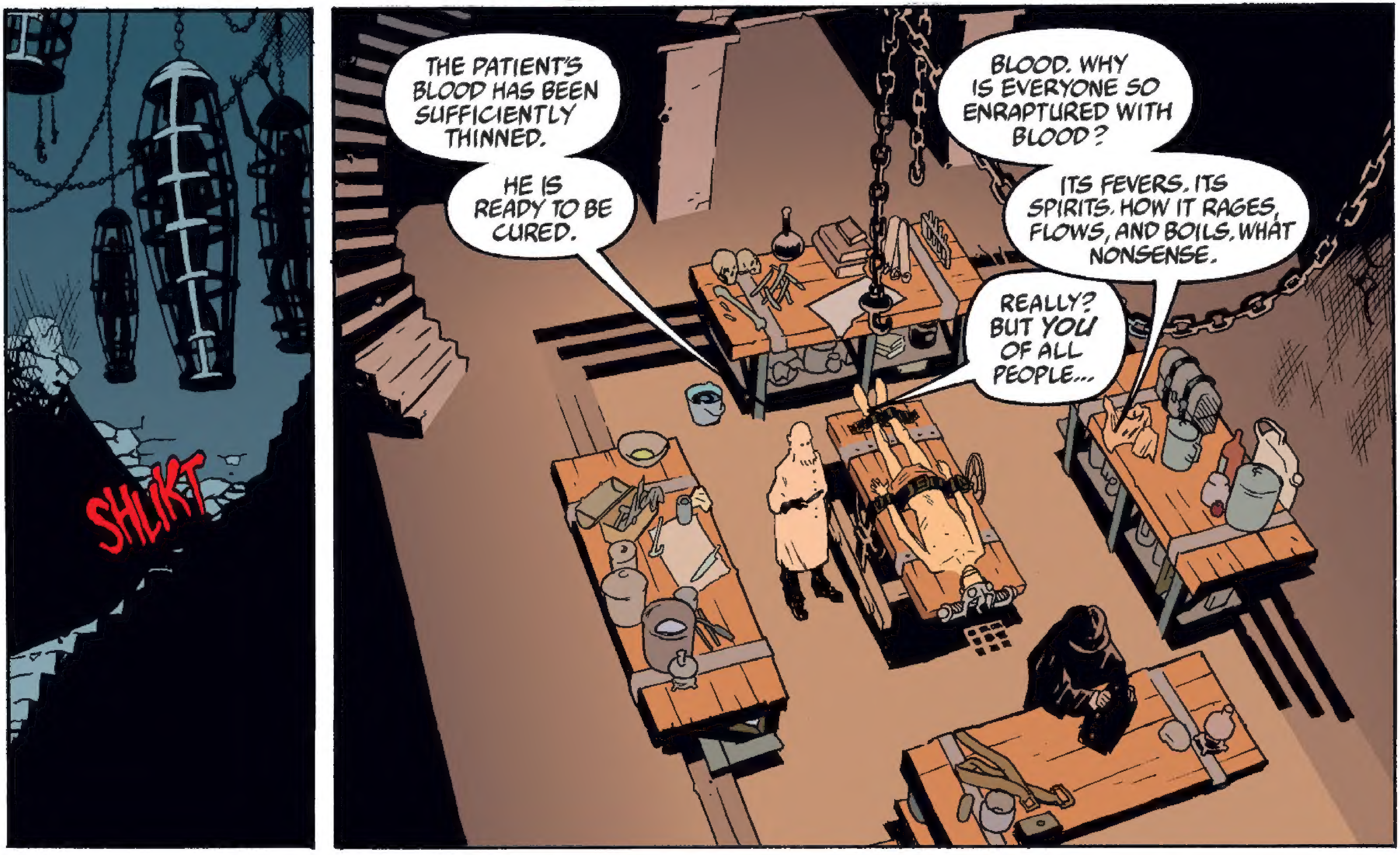
ARKHAM ASYLUM
Eric Powell 2002

SCHHLKT
THERE, THERE NOW. THIS IS FOR YOUR OWN GOOD.
HRRMMMFF


SHLIKT
SHLIKT
SHLIKT
GOTHAM TOWNSHIP'S
THE GREATER
House of Madness and Ill Humors
SHLIKT
SHLIKT
SHLIKT

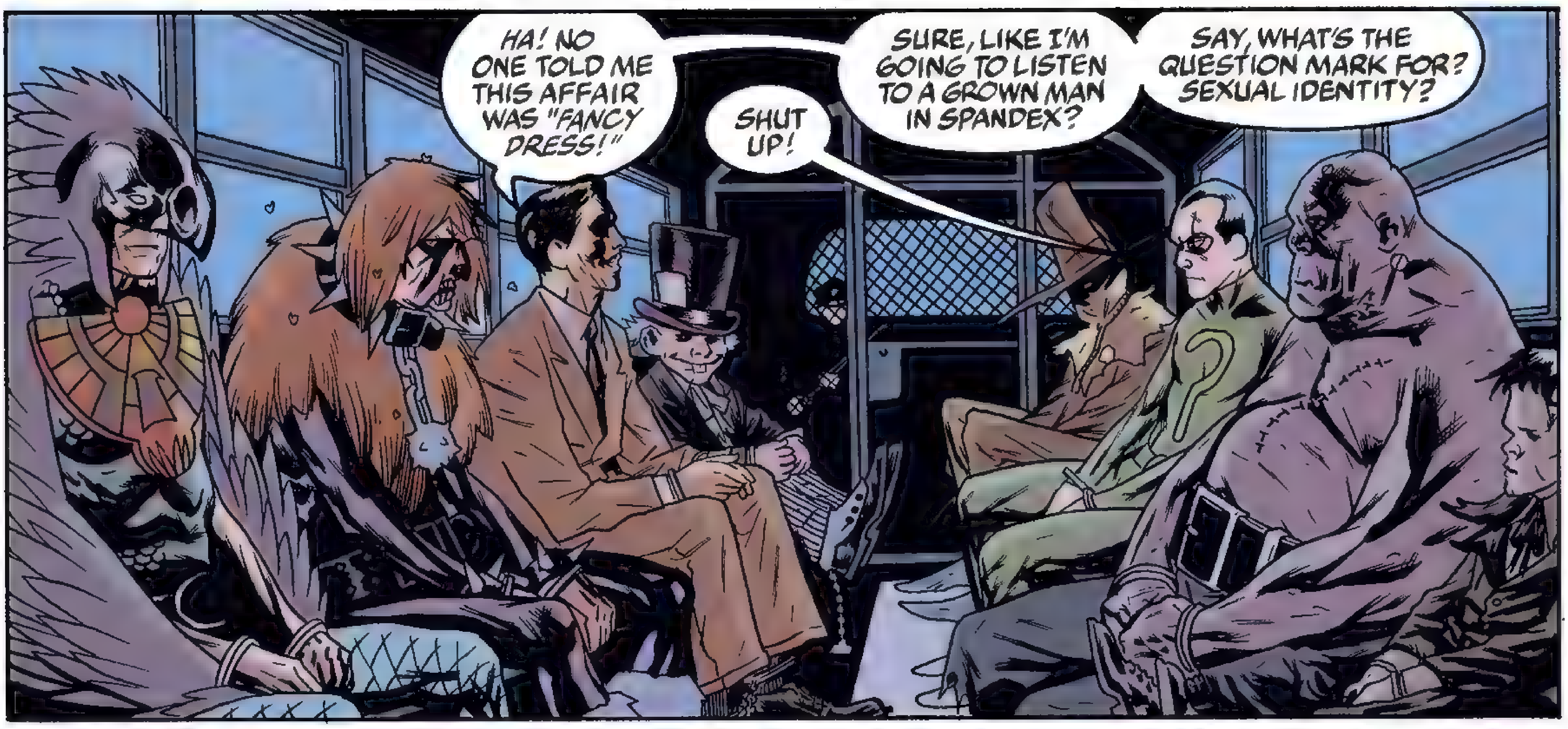
CHAPTER ONE: WHOLE IN THE HEAD

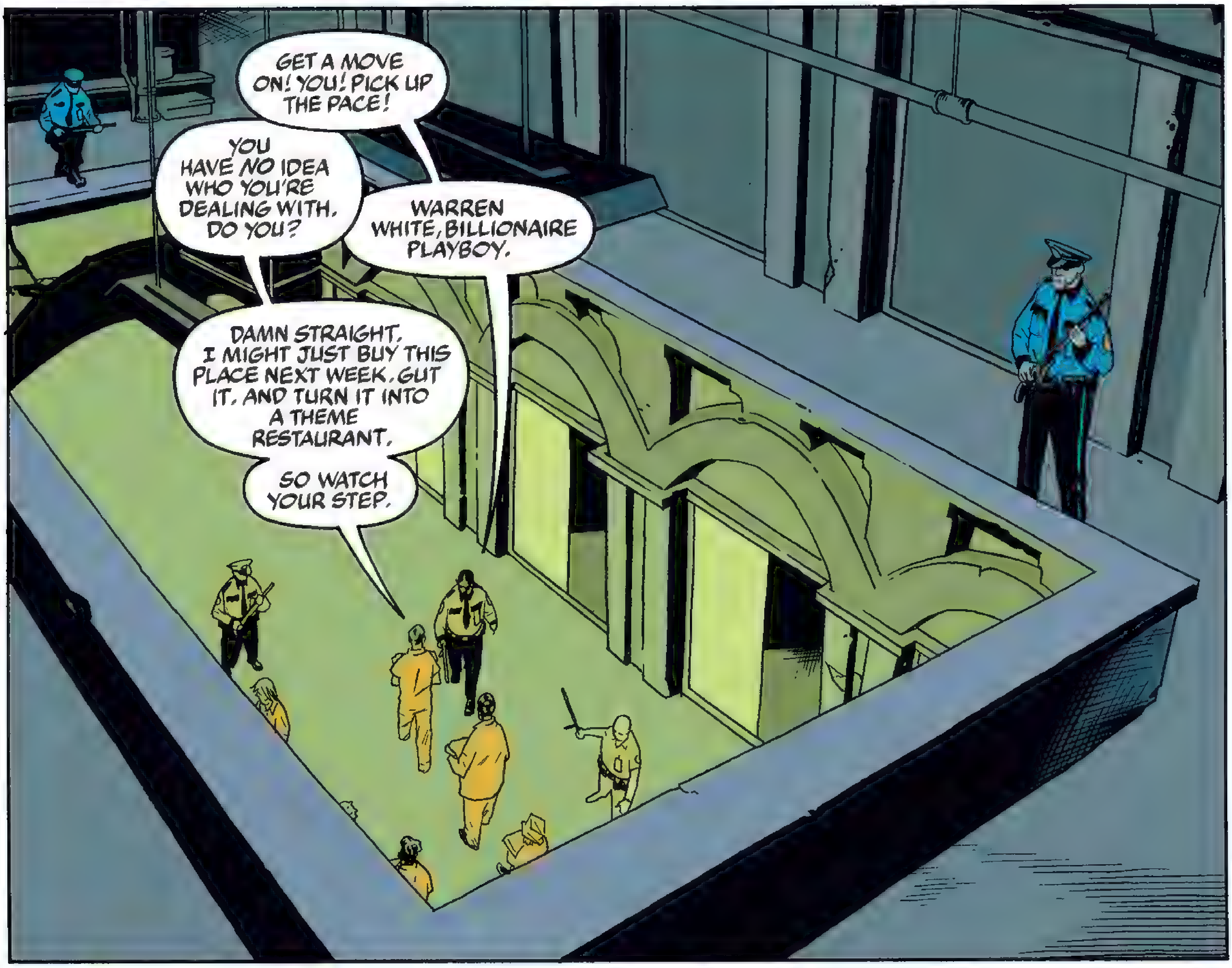

SHLIKT
THE PATIENT'S BLOOD HAS BEEN SUFFICIENTLY THINNED.
HE IS READY TO BE CURED.
BLOOD. WHY IS EVERYONE SO ENRAPTURED WITH BLOOD?
ITS FEVERS. ITS SPIRITS. HOW IT RAGES, FLOWS, AND BOILS. WHAT NONSENSE.
REALLY? BUT YOU OF ALL PEOPLE...

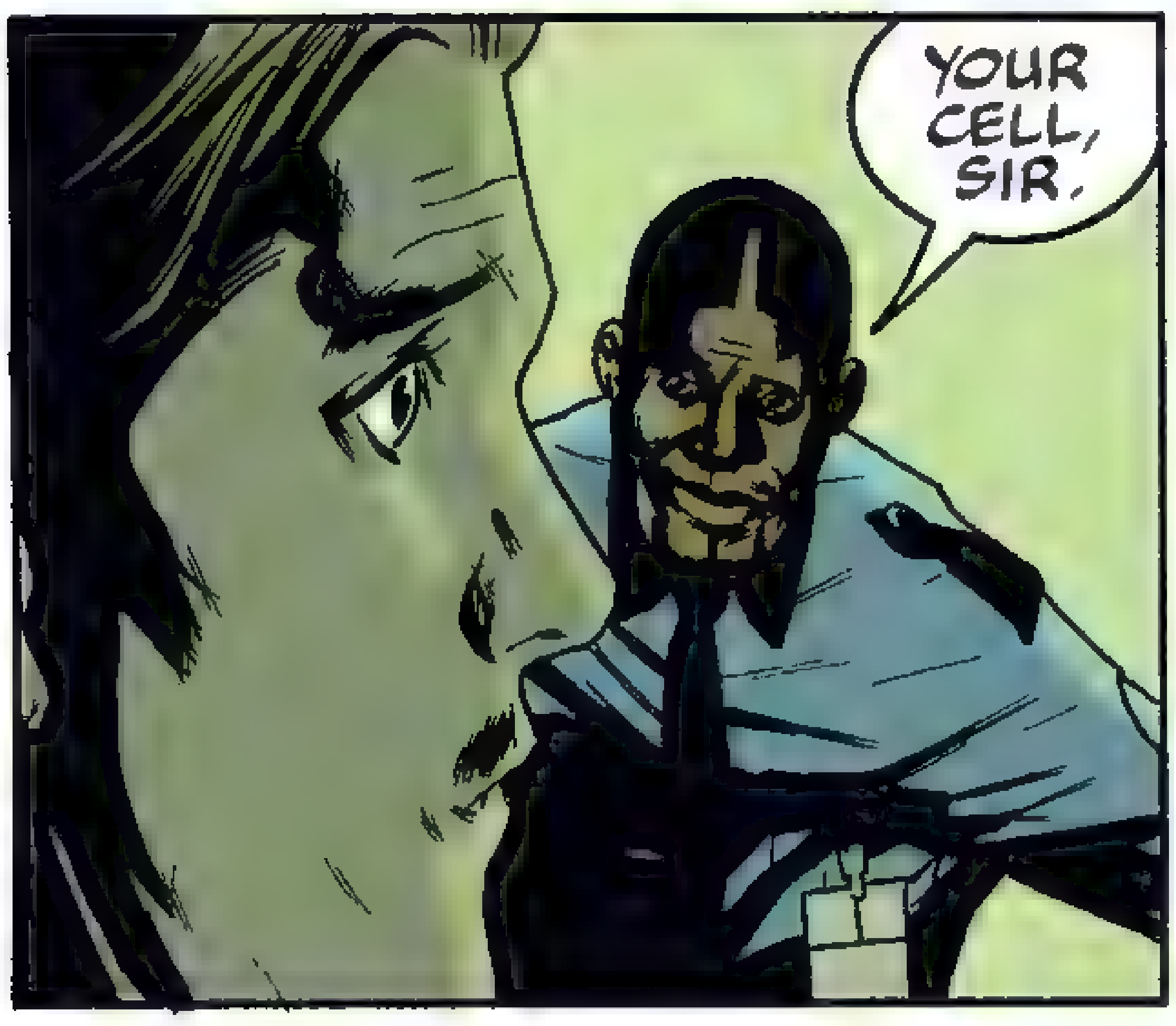
LISTEN TO ME. BLOOD IS A PRODUCT OF THE HEART. A MUSCLE. A PUMP.
YOU'D STAND AS MUCH CHANCE OF FINDING MADNESS IN THAT MAN'S HEART--
--AS YOU WOULD IN HIS LIVER, KIDNEYS, OR BOWELS.
OUR WAR ON MADNESS IS FOUGHT IN THE HEAD.
THAT IS WHERE THE DEVILS THAT PLAGUE HIM ARE TRAPPED--
--HELD FAST BY A CAGE OF FLESH--
--AND BONE.
FORTUNATELY, I HAVE A "KEY."
GNNRRH
REST EASY, FRIEND. WE'LL HAVE THOSE HOBGOBLINS OUT PRESENTLY.
I HAVE NEVER SEEN THIS PROCEDURE PERFORMED BEFORE.
WHAT IF WE GO TOO FAR?
DOES IT MATTER? EITHER WAY THE MADNESS ENDS.

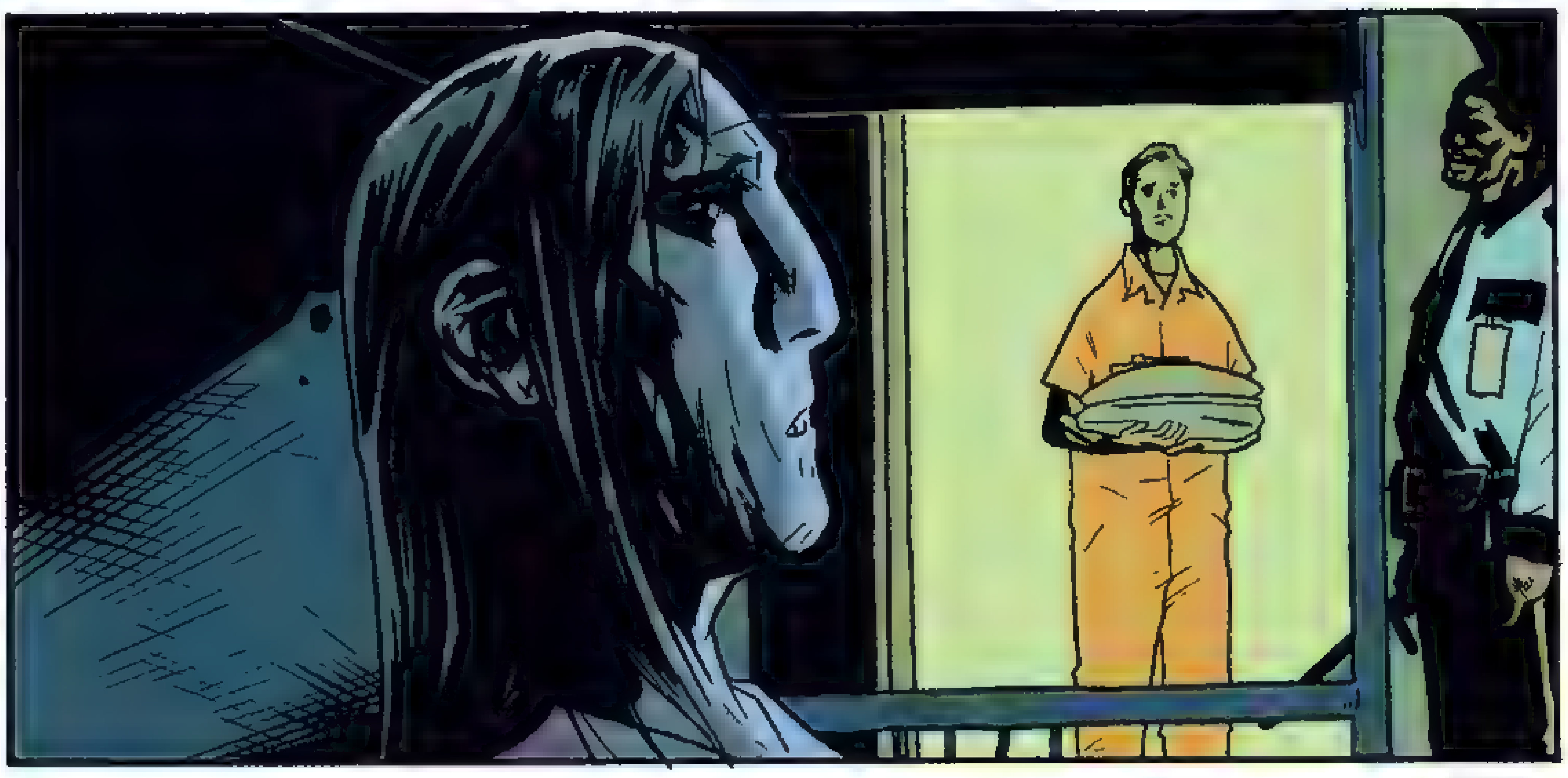
KRAK
ORDER!
WILL THE FOREMAN READ THE VERDICT AGAIN? BECAUSE I *CAN'T* BELIEVE WHAT I JUST HEARD.
UM. NOT GUILTY BY REASON OF INSANITY.
INSANITY?! WELL, THERE YOU HAVE IT! YOUR CHANGE OF VENUE PAID OFF, MR. WHITE.
ONLY IN GOTHAM COULD YOU FIND PEOPLE *STUPID* ENOUGH--
--OR *CORRUPT* ENOUGH TO BELIEVE THIS COCK AND BULL!
THAT YOU, WARREN WHITE, *"THE GREAT WHITE SHARK,"* PERPETRATED THE GREATEST ACT OF STOCK FRAUD IN AMERICAN HISTORY...
...DUE TO A *MENTAL DISORDER!*
TELL ME, WHITE, DO YOU HAVE *ANYTHING* TO SAY IN YOUR DEFENSE?
MY BAD.

HEH. YOU KNOW, IT OCCURS TO ME THAT YOU'VE FINALLY MADE A MISSTEP, WHITE.
YOUR CHANGE OF VENUE.
YOU SEE, THIS IS ONE TOWN WHERE YOU'RE PROBABLY BETTER OFF *GUILTY* THAN *INSANE*.
I HEREBY SENTENCE YOU TO A PERIOD OF OBSERVATION AT *ARKHAM*.
TERM, INDEFINITE. EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.
OBJECTION! I DEMAND A STAY OF--
CASE DISMISSED!
MY CLIENT HAS RIGHTS!
WHAT'S GOING ON?! I THOUGHT--
DON'T WORRY, WARREN, WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS!
GET ME OUT OF *WHAT?*
ARKHAM.
ARKHAM? WHAT'S "ARKHAM"?
ARKHAM ◆ ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE
OH, THIS IS *RICH!*


HA! NO ONE TOLD ME THIS AFFAIR WAS "FANCY DRESS!"
SURE, LIKE I'M GOING TO LISTEN TO A GROWN MAN IN SPANDEX?
SAY, WHAT'S THE QUESTION MARK FOR? SEXUAL IDENTITY?
SHUT UP!


GET A MOVE ON! YOU! PICK UP THE PACE!
YOU HAVE *NO* IDEA WHO YOU'RE DEALING WITH, DO YOU?
WARREN WHITE, BILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY.
DAMN STRAIGHT. I MIGHT JUST BUY THIS PLACE NEXT WEEK, GUT IT, AND TURN IT INTO A THEME RESTAURANT.
SO WATCH YOUR STEP.


YOUR CELL, SIR.



HEY! I REMEMBER HIM FROM THE PAPERS! THAT'S DEATH RATTLE! HE'S A CULT LEADER AND A HOMICIDAL MANIAC!
YOU CAN'T PUT ME IN THERE!
YEAH?! WELL, I REMEMBER YOU FROM THE PAPERS...
YOU'RE THE RICH WHITE GUY WHO SAID "ONLY LITTLE PEOPLE PAY TAXES."
WELL, GUESS WHAT? THANKS TO SOME TAX CUTBACKS, MOST INMATES AT ARKHAM HAVE TO SHARE CELLS.
W-WAIT! IS THERE SOME WAY I CAN CALL YOU... OR BUZZ IF I NEED HELP?
CHOOM
SURE. AND I'LL COME BRING YOU AN EXTRA PILLOW. AND SOME HONEY ROASTED PEANUTS.
LISTEN UP, WHITE. ON THE OUTSIDE YOU MAY HAVE BEEN "THE GREAT WHITE SHARK..."
...BUT IN HERE, YOU'RE JUST THE NEW FISH!
HEE HEE! FISH!
NO! DON'T GO!
FISH! FISH! FISH!
FISH
FISH!
FISH!
FISH
FISH
FISH
LIGHTS OUT!
DON'T LEAVE ME HERE!

fish
fish
fish
DON'T GO THERE.
AH!
THAT'S MOLLY'S BUNK. SHE'S EIGHT YEARS OLD AND NEEDS HER SLEEP.
fish
fish
I KILLED HER LAST APRIL. SMOTHERED HER WITH HER PILLOW.
NOW SHE SLEEPS ABOVE ME ON THE TOP BUNK.
fish
fish

YOU'VE GONE A NIGHT WITHOUT SLEEP BEFORE. LOTS OF NIGHTS.
YOU'RE THE GREAT WHITE SHARK! YOU KEEP MOVING, YOU FIND AN ANGLE, AND YOU COME OUT ON TOP!
YOU CAN GET THROUGH THIS!
YOU'VE FACED DOWN SENATE HEARINGS TOUGHER THAN THIS! THIS IS A CAKE WALK!
YOU'VE GOT MONEY, CONNECTIONS, YOU'LL BE OUT OF HERE IN NO TIME.
IS HE CLEAN?
SILLY BOY, THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.
NO WEAPONS OR CONTRABAND. I CHECKED.
RIGHT DOWN TO MY WHOOPEE CUSHION.
I'LL BE KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU. SO NO FUNNY STUFF...
...JOKER.
OH GOD! OH GOD! OH GOD!
GET OUT! DON'T THINK! DON'T FINISH UP! JUST GET--
SQUP
WAP!

OOPS. YOU DROPPED THE SOAP.
SAYYYY. I KNOW YOU.
AH YES! WARREN WHITE, THE GREAT WHITE SHARK. THE NEW FISH.
YOU KNOW, I THINK YOU'RE THE WORST PERSON I'VE EVER MET.
B-BUT YOU'RE THE *JOKER!*
Y-YOU *KILL* PEOPLE!
YES.
BUT AT LEAST I DON'T TAKE THEIR KIDS' COLLEGE FUNDS.
Y'KNOW...
I COULD USE YOUR HEAD FOR A COMMODE AND SELL IT ON EBAY.

I CAN'T STAY HERE!
Dr. Carver Head of Therapy
I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE IT!
YOU'VE GOTTA HELP ME!
THAT'S WHAT I'M HERE FOR, WARREN. TO HELP YOU.
Lord, just what I need. Another face.
NO! I NEED THAT KIND OF HELP LIKE I NEED A HOLE IN THE HEAD!
When will it end?
ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME?!
OF COURSE I'M LISTENING. SO WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE?
THE LUNATICS IN HERE ARE GOING TO KILL ME!!
THE GUARDS DON'T CARE! MY LAWYERS AREN'T TAKING MY CALLS! ALL OF GOTHAM, HELL, MOST OF AMERICA HATES ME!
INTERESTING...
DO YOU MIND IF I TAPE THIS? IT'S STANDARD FOR A FIRST SESSION.
I DON'T NEED A SESSION! THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT!
I'M NOT CRAZY! I SHOULDN'T EVEN BE HERE!

AND WHY DO YOU THINK YOU'RE HERE?
I'M HERE BECAUSE I FOUND A WAY TO RIP OFF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS.
I'M HERE BECAUSE I GOT SLOPPY. BECAUSE I GOT CAUGHT!
We talk, the two of us. At great length.
Now, I know "crazy." I've looked it in the eyes for years.
And I don't think he's got it.
He MIGHT just be on the wrong side of the fence.
MR. WHITE?
YES?
I'M STARTING TO BELIEVE YOU. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
TH-THANK YOU.
DR. CARVER? IS IT ALL RIGHT IF WE JUST KEEP TALKING ANYWAY?
IT'S JUST...
YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE TRAPPED IN A PLACE LIKE THIS.
Believe me...
...I know.

Every night I try to put Arkham behind me.
Hang up my work clothes, put on my best smile, my favorite dress, and try to find a life outside of "Dr. Anne Carver."
Find that elusive missing piece that will make everything all right.
Who knows? Maybe even find that perfect "somebody."
His name's Martin Church.
He's a copywriter for Gotham Living, that free magazine they put in all the Sunday papers.
He asks me what I do. (Why is it everyone equates WHO you are with WHAT you do?)
A PSYCHIATRIST AT *ARKHAM?* NO KIDDING? WHAT'S *THAT* LIKE?
So I tell him.
Eventually I get to that "thing" everyone was laughing about at the watercooler today...
...how the Scarecrow took advantage of an inmate's fear of intimacy...
...and rats.

And that's right about the time Martin Church, copywriter, remembered a "somewhere else" he was supposed to be.
Which is fine. Because I was never really all there to begin with.
In all the ways that matter, I'm still at Arkham.
B'DEEP B'DEEP
They just have me on a very long leash.
ARKHAM
One of my "patients" has been caught by Batman. Again.
This time it's DOODLEBUG.
COMMISSIONER GORDON?
THIS STORY TAKES PLACE BEFORE THE EVENTS OF *NO MAN'S LAND*-ED.
I'M DR. CARVER. I'M HERE TO ACCOMPANY THE PRISONER BACK TO ARKHAM.
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. YOU'RE THE PSYCHIATRIST WHO SIGNED DOODLEBUG OUT ON AN EARLY RELEASE.
GOD, I AM SO *TIRED* OF CLEANING UP *YOUR* MESSES!
THERE ARE TIMES I ALMOST LOSE TRACK OF WHICH LOONS YOU'RE LETTING GO THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR AND WHICH ONES ARE BUSTING OUT THE BACK!
DO YOU KNOW HOW MANY MADMEN ARE *AT LARGE* THANKS TO YOUR INSTITUTION?
MR. FREEZE, CLAYFACE, JANE DOE, BLOCKBUSTER... THE LIST GOES ON!

MOST OF THEM, LIKE YOUR "CRAZY BEDBUG" HERE, DON'T EVEN CARE IF THEY GET CAUGHT. THEY KNOW THEY'LL BE BACK OUT IN NO TIME!
THAT'S HARDLY FAIR, COMMISSIONER--
IS IT? TAKE A LOOK!
Gone
ARKHAM
Back After
Lunc
The only thing worse than being who I am, doing what I do...
...is the lack of respect I get for it.
GCPD
Always being judged.
Having every little move scrutinized.
Sometimes it feels like--
Wait! What was that?
Nothing.
I swear, this job is making me paranoid.

I WON'T BE NEEDING YOU HERE, WRIGLEY.
YOU SURE, DOC? I KNOW FISH IS "LOW RISK," BUT...
Dr. Carver Head of Therapy
IF I HAVE ANY PROBLEMS WITH *MR. WHITE*, I'LL PAGE YOU.
I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOUR SITUATION, WARREN.
I THINK I CAN GET YOU TRANSFERRED.
TRANSFERRED?
MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON. ROOM WITH A PRIVATE SHOWER. PLENTY OF FURLOUGH TIME.
BUT THERE'S A PRICE.
YOU'RE A BILLIONAIRE. TWENTY MILLION IS A DROP IN THE BUCKET TO SOMEONE LIKE YOU, WARREN.
BUT FOR ME, IT COULD BE A NEW LIFE. A COMFORTABLE LIFE, FAR AWAY FROM HERE.
IT WILL TAKE SOME TIME, THOUGH. A WEEK OR SO.
THERE'S LOTS OF PAPERWORK TO DO. FAVORS TO CALL IN. BUT IN THE MEANTIME...
WHAT? WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHATEVER IT IS, I'LL DO IT!
CAN WE JUST TALK?
THE LONGER I'M WITH YOU, THE LESS TIME I HAVE TO SPEND WITH CRAZY PEOPLE.

It's a long week.
I HAD TO KILL HIM IN HIS SLEEP, BECAUSE WE'RE ALL JUST CHARACTERS IN HIS DREAM. SEE?
YOU'RE THE GREAT WHITE SHARK! YOU CAN MAKE IT THROUGH THIS!
I can pretend to listen.
HE WAS GOOD IN BED, THOUGH. THE FLOWER BED. AS MULCH.
IDIOT! WHY DID YOU STARE?!
NOW YOU'VE GOT A FIFTY-FIFTY CHANCE OF TAKING A SHIV TO THE EYE!
GOD, GET ME OUT OF THIS AND I SWEAR I'LL DO--
FLIP
--ANYTHING FOR YOU, SENATOR. ABOUT THOSE TRANSFERS?
DINNER TONIGHT'S FINE. YES. I'LL WEAR THAT DRESS.
I can pretend to be whatever they want.
THERE'S NO REASONING WITH THESE LUNATICS! THEY'RE ALL SICK!
CROC GOT OUT. THOUGHT THE NEW "FISH" SHOULD HAVE A SET OF "GILLS" ACROSS HIS NECK!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO MAKE IT.
I just can't pretend to care.
I'M THE RIDDLER! MY DEER GIRL, WHO ARE YOU TO ASK ME QUESTIONS?!
I'VE GOT MONEY! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?!! I CAN GET YOU--
--MORE WHEN THE DEAL'S GONE THROUGH.
PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU, DOC.
NOW MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE, OKAY?

THERE YOU GO, WARREN. ALL THE PAPERWORK HAS BEEN APPROVED. THE TRANSFER WILL TAKE PLACE TONIGHT.
NOW IT'S YOUR TURN.
WEINBERGER? THIS IS WHITE. I WANT TO MOVE SOME FUNDS FROM THE ZURICH ACCOUNT.
I ASSUME THEY HAVEN'T BEEN LOCATED OR FROZEN YET? GOOD.
YES. TWENTY MILLION TO THE BANK ACCOUNT THE YOUNG LADY MENTIONED.
PASSWORD AND VOICE IDENTIFICATION? OF COURSE.
CLICK
HAMMERHEAD/ TIGER/MAKO
IT'S DONE.
WE'LL JUST WAIT A WHILE UNTIL I CAN VERIFY THE TRANSACTION ON MY COMPUTER.
BUT SINCE WE'VE GOT SOME TIME TO KILL...
W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

PLEASE.
IT'S BEEN SO LONG...
SO LONG...
...SINCE I'VE DONE THIS WITH ANYONE.
NOT LONG ENOUGH!
KRASH

AH!!
WAK
DROP IT!
STAY AWAY FROM HER!
KEEP OUT OF MY WAY, WHITE!
AND YOU JUST MIGHT GET OUT OF THIS *ALIVE!*
WUMP
OW! WAIT, WHAT'S THAT SMELL?
LIKE A REALLY STRONG PERFUME...
...COVERING SOMETHING UP...

...SOMETHING ROTTEN.
AHHHHHHHHHHHHH
JANE DOE. YOU ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT, JANE. ALMOST.
I'LL KILL YOU.

AAHHHH
YOU'VE BEEN ANNE CARVER FOR...WHAT NOW? TWO MONTHS?
PROBABLY THOUGHT YOUR LIFE WOULD BE BETTER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE COUCH.
BUT IT WASN'T... WAS IT?
THOUGH YOU DID GET TO *SEE* MADNESS FROM THE OTHER SIDE.
MAYBE YOU EVEN SAW YOUR OWN FILE.
WHEN YOU WERE DR. CARVER, I'M SURE YOU LEARNED A LOT ABOUT JANE DOE.
JANE IS A CIPHER. SHE'S INCOMPLETE. HER LIFE IS EMPTY, SO SHE COVETS THE LIVES OF OTHERS.
SHE *TAKES* THEIR LIVES SO SHE CAN *HAVE* THEIR LIVES.
SO? DO YOU WANT TO TAKE *MY* LIFE, JANE?
DO YOU REALLY WANT TO *BE* BATMAN?

ALL RIGHT! WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN--BATMAN?
NO. SUDDEN. MOVES.
JANE, FOR THE PAST FEW MONTHS YOU'VE BEEN FORCED TO *LOOK* INTO THE MINDS OF THE MADNESS THAT INFECTS GOTHAM.
AS BATMAN, YOU WOULD *FIGHT* IT EVERY NIGHT OF YOUR LIFE. IT KEEPS COMING BACK. AND YOU CAN *NEVER* STOP.
DO YOU REALLY WANT *THAT* LIFE?
WHAT THE *HELL?* SHE WAS AN *INMATE?!* BUT...
...SHE WAS GONNA GET ME OUT.
NO. THAT WAS JUST THE BAIT AT THE END OF HER HOOK.
SHE'D BEEN STUDYING YOU FOR WEEKS, WHITE. LEARNING YOUR MANNERISMS. YOUR SECRETS.
SHE WAS GOING TO TAKE YOUR LIFE-- *AND* YOUR PLACE. BUT YOU'RE RIGHT ABOUT ONE THING...
...THAT *WOULD* HAVE GOTTEN YOU OUT OF THIS MADHOUSE.

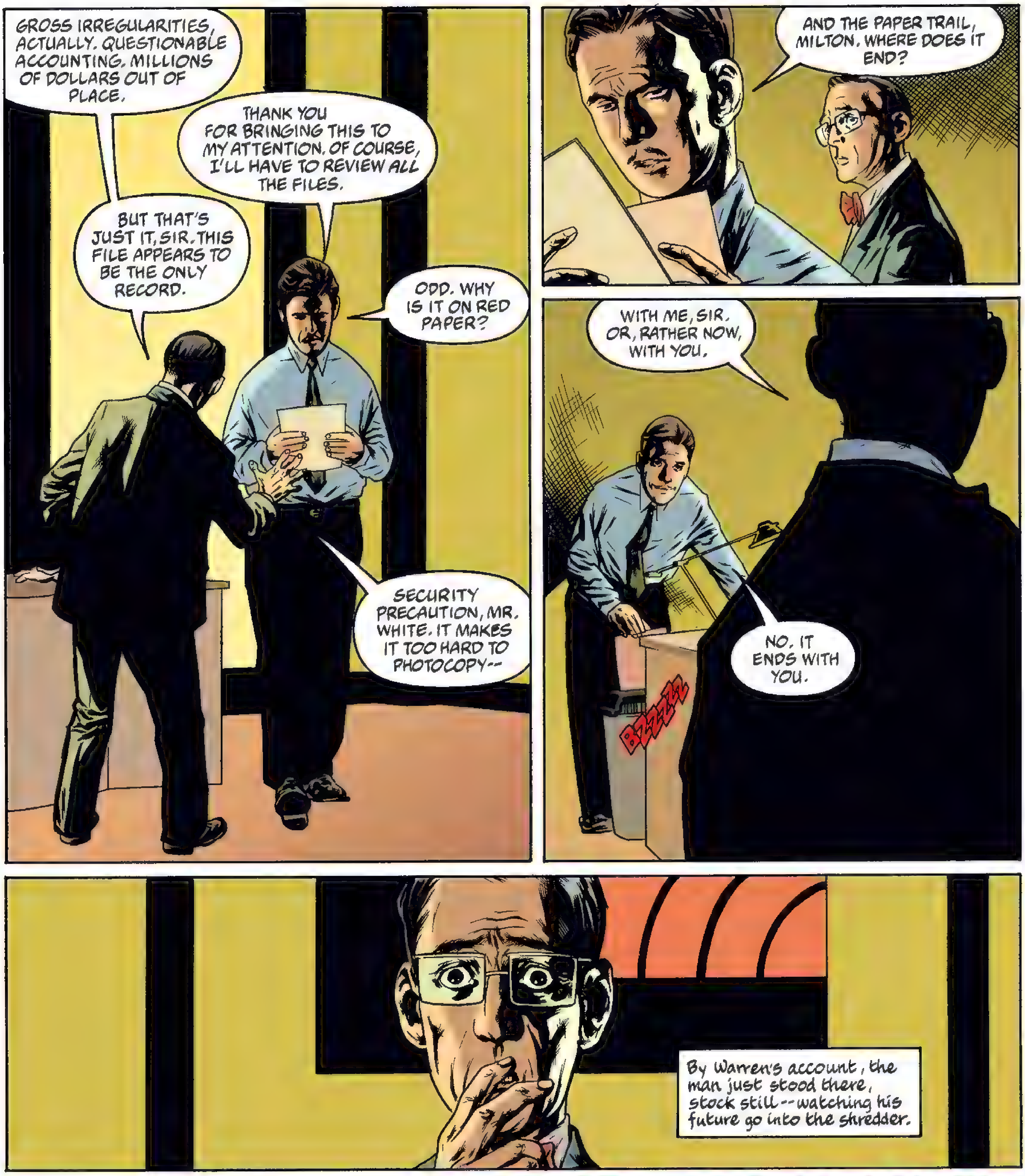
Eric Powell 03

From: Dr. Jeremiah Arkham, Chief of Staff
To: All Department Heads
Regarding: The recent unpleasantness.
You may be saddened by the loss of Dr. Anne Carver. Or angered that her murderer impersonated her for **two months.** Perhaps you're embarrassed that this happened on **our watch.**
While these feelings are understandable, they are **not** acceptable. An inmate was running our asylum. We cannot allow ourselves the luxury to pause for . reflection.
Psst.
Case in point: the incident earlier today in the rec room
WHAT?!
between Two-Face
and the Mad Hatter.
I'VE BEEN THINKING...
SINCE THE RIGHT SIDE OF YOUR BRAIN CONTROLS YOUR LEFT, AND YOUR LEFT SIDE CONTROLS YOUR *RIGHT...*
YOUR GOOD AND BAD *FACES* ARE IN THE WRONG *PLACES,* AND TRY AS YOU *MIGHT...*
YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONTRARIWISE, A FLIPSIDE, BACKWARDS *ASS.*
SINCE OF THESE TWO *DENTS* THE ONE THAT MAKES *SENSE...*
...IS THROUGH THE *LOOKING GLASS.*

KEEP AN EYE ON THE CHINESE CHECKERS.
CAN'T HAVE THESE WACKOS LOSING ANY MORE OF THEIR--
DEAR GOD! TWO-FACE!
SMASH
KESSH
HEE HEE
GET THEM BACK! GET EVERYBODY BACK!
STOP HIM!
CUTTING HIMSELF TO RIBBONS!
WHAT A MESS!
CRACK KRUCH
chapter:2
Bits & Pieces
HOW DOES THAT FEEL?
I DON'T KNOW. SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE MY HAND'S STILL THERE...

LIKE MY KNUCKLES NEED CRACKING. OR THERE'S DIRT UNDER MY NAILS.
PHANTOM PAINS. GIVE IT TIME, MR. CASH.
IT HASN'T BEEN THAT LONG SINCE THE... ACCIDENT. YOU STILL HAVE SOME LEAVE LEFT, CHIEF. MAYBE IT'S TOO SOON...
MORE LIKE "TOO LATE" IF YOU ASK ME.
YOU KNOW IT. I KNOW IT. WHEN I'M NOT WALKING THESE FLOORS, THIS PLACE GOES STRAIGHT TO HELL.
From: Dr. Jeremiah Arkham, Chief of Staff
To: Colleagues of Dr. Anne Carver
Regarding: Scheduled Grieving
In order to minimize disruption of our regular duties, Dr. Carver's memorial service will be repeated five times.
Clear a shift with your department head and have any final words prepared in advance.
Attendance is voluntary.
I WASN'T THERE FOR YOU, ANNE. NONE OF US WERE.
WRONG, AARON. SOMEONE WAS LITERALLY "THERE FOR HER." AN IMPOSTOR IN HER SKIN.
TENDING TO MY PATIENTS, REWRITING POLICIES, BRINGING IN CONTRABAND... IT SICKENS ME.
ME TOO, SIR. I SAY IT'S TIME WE HEAD BACK AND CLEAN HOUSE.
ANN ARVE SHE GAVE WITHOUT ASKING 1966-2003

Dr. A.Carver / Private Files / Warren White
Warren can be glib at times, taking on an air of superiority.
It's a practiced behavior that distances him from society and enables him to commit deplorable acts.
WHITE WORLD NET
DICK, DICK, DICK, DON'T GET YOUR PACEMAKER IN A BUNCH. TRUST ME.
YEARS FROM NOW, PEOPLE'LL THINK "HALLIBURTON" IS THE GUY WHO MADE EDWARD SCISSORHANDS.
In one session, he told me of THIS encounter. He wryly titled it, "C.E.O. vs. C.P.A. vs. CO₂."
MR. WHITE! PLEASE! I HAVE TO SPEAK TO YOU RIGHT AWAY!
I'M SORRY, SIR. I TRIED TO STOP HIM. SHALL I CALL SECURITY?
DICK, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GET BACK TO YOU.
MILTON, ISN'T IT? RICH MILTON FROM ACCOUNTING?
I'LL TAKE THIS. LADIES, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE US.
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM, MILTON?
I--I THINK I'VE FOUND SOME IRREGULARITIES, SIR.


GROSS IRREGULARITIES, ACTUALLY. QUESTIONABLE ACCOUNTING. MILLIONS OF DOLLARS OUT OF PLACE.
THANK YOU FOR BRINGING THIS TO MY ATTENTION. OF COURSE, I'LL HAVE TO REVIEW ALL THE FILES.
BUT THAT'S JUST IT, SIR. THIS FILE APPEARS TO BE THE ONLY RECORD.
ODD. WHY IS IT ON RED PAPER?
SECURITY PRECAUTION, MR. WHITE. IT MAKES IT TOO HARD TO PHOTOCOPY--
AND THE PAPER TRAIL, MILTON. WHERE DOES IT END?
WITH ME, SIR. OR, RATHER NOW, WITH YOU.
NO. IT ENDS WITH YOU.
BZZZZZ
By Warren's account, the man just stood there, stock still--watching his future go into the shredder.

This wasn't the first life Warren had destroyed. But to witness his handiwork up close-- to see the will to live drain out of a man in real time --this would stay with him. A few hours later, Richard Milton ran a tube from his car's exhaust into his driver's side window. The coroner's photo revealed the same hopeless expression.

BZZZZZZZZZZ

AS I WAS SAYING, MR. WHITE, SINCE THE "DR. CARVER" YOU TALKED WITH WAS NOT ACTUALLY A CERTIFIED PHYSICIAN...
...FOR LEGAL REASONS, ALL OF HER DOCUMENTS AND PATIENT TRANSCRIPTS MUST BE DESTROYED. UNREAD, OF COURSE.
BZZZZZZ
B-BUT DR. ARKHAM--SHE APPROVED A TRANSFER THROUGH PROPER CHANNELS!
I'M GETTING TRANSFERRED TO A MINIMUM SECURITY PRISON!
NO. YOU'RE NOT.
WHEN YOU COOKED YOUR BOOKS, MR. WHITE, YOU RUINED THE LIVES OF MILLIONS OF AMERICANS.
YOU DESTROYED THE PENSION PLANS OF PEOPLE FROM ALL WALKS OF LIFE: PLUMBERS, BUS DRIVERS, SOCCER MOMS...
...ASYLUM ADMINISTRATORS.
NOW, SINCE MY OWN PLANS FOR RETIREMENT ARE QUITE A WAYS OFF, I'M SURE YOU AND I WILL BE SEEING A LOT OF EACH OTHER AT THE ASYLUM.
GOOD DAY, FISH.
BUT... BUT...
I SWEAR, WORST PERSON I'VE EVER MET.
SNIFF
AND IF MY NOSE DOESN'T DECEIVE ME, MY NEXT PATIENT WOULD BE MR. LONG...

From: Dr. Jeremiah Arkham, Chief of Staff
To: All Men's Ward Orderlies
Regarding: Regular Hosing Down of Tucker "Junkyard Dog" Long.

Dr. A. Carver / Private Files / "Jane Doe"
Jane is a cipher, devoid of any personality traits beyond the desire to BECOME others.
I have never dealt with a patient like her before. She is such a blank slate, I don't know how to reach her.
If only there were some way to bridge the gap between us...
SOLITARY IS JUST THE BEGINNING, JANE. YOUR TIME IN ARKHAM IS NOT GOING TO BE PLEASANT.
ANNE CARVER HAD A LOT OF FRIENDS HERE.
BUT YOU DIDN'T WANT TO BE ANNE'S FRIEND, DID YOU?
YOU WANTED SO MUCH MORE.
I SAW THE WAY YOU LOOKED AT ME, AARON.
STOP IT! STOP TALKING LIKE HER.
I WAS IN HER HEAD FOR MONTHS. I KNOW WHAT SHE REALLY THOUGHT OF YOU.
SHE FOUND YOU REPULSIVE. AND THAT HOOK! IF SHE HAD BEEN ALIVE TO SEE WHAT A FREAK YOU'VE BECOME...
STOP IT!
ANNE CARVER WAS THE FINEST WOMAN I'VE EVER KNOWN! AND TODAY, BECAUSE OF YOU, ALL WE HAD TO BURY WAS HER HEAD!

WHAT DID YOU DO, JANE?! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE BODY?!!
SPLOSH
Milk
Milk
KEEP IT MOVING!
CHICKEN.
OUTTA CHICKEN.
ALL NIGHT, GUY'S IN THE BUNK UNDA' ME. WON'T SHUT UP.
WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?
MYSTERY MEAT.
HE'S SAYIN' "BATMAN THIS, BATMAN THAT." WON'T SHUT UP!
NO MYSTERY TO ME.
SO WHAT IS IT, NYGMA?
IT'S WHAT KILLER CROC FORGOT TO FLUSH.
SO I TELLS HIM TO SHUT UP!
WHICH HE DON'T. SO YOU KNOW WHAT I DO?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I DO!
I CHOP HIM UP AND STUFF HIM IN A STEW POT!
CHOK
OW! WHAT THE--
HAIIEEEE
GIMME THAT!
THAT BELONGS TO MR. SCARFACE!
I-IT'S A PUPPET?
OH THANK GOD.
JUST SOME KIND OF PUPPET.
IS THAT HIS LEFT FOOT?
EXCUSE ME, I'M DR. CRANE.
I MAKE A STUDY OF FEAR. AND I MUST SAY...
YOUR SCREAM... ITS PITCH AND TIMBRE, QUITE UNIQUE.
CAN YOU DO THAT AGAIN?
WHAT? UH. NO. SORRY.
VERY WELL THEN.
THE HARD WAY.

CHUNTCH
AARRRH
WELL, THIS WON'T DO AT ALL. COMPLETELY WRONG.
THAT'S NOT FEAR. JUST PAIN AND SUFFERING.
SCARECROW! WHY'D YOU DO THAT?!
HE JUST SHUT UP!
WAK
AN' YOU GOT HIM GOIN' AGAIN!
DOWN, LUNKHEAD! NOW!
HEE HEE!
CLOK
LOCK DOWN! LOCK DOWN!
ALL FREE HANDS TO THE MESS, RIGHT NOW!
PANG
TUNK

COME ON! YOU WANT TO ACT CRAZY?!
SHOW ME!
I'LL KNOCK THE CRAZY RIGHT OUT OF YOU!
HARPER! WRIGLEY!
GET JUNKYARD DOG OUT OF THE TRASH BEFORE HE FINDS SOMETHING HE CAN USE ON US!
ON IT, MR. CASH!
I WANT THIS PLACE CLEARED OUT IN *FIVE*, PEOPLE!

A FORK. SCARECROW HAD A FORK. UNBELIEVABLE.
THEY'RE ALL ACCOUNTED FOR. EXCEPT ONE.
FOUND HIM, SIR. IT'S HUMPTY DUMPTY.
MR. CASH! HE'S GOT SOMETHING!
ALL RIGHT, EGG-MAN!
TURN AROUND--SLOWLY! HANDS IN THE AIR!
FWAKK
HICKETY PICKETY, MY BLACK HEN...
SHE LAYS EGGS FOR GENTLEMEN.
HE PUT A CHICKEN BACK TOGETHER.
THAT'S MESSED UP.

Dr. A.Carver / Private Files / Humphry Dumpler
Humphry stands out as one of Arkham's few model inmates. Throughout his life sentence, even when the opportunity has presented itself, he's never attempted escape. If not for the heinous nature of
BZZZZZZZZZ
DO YOU KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE, HUMPHRY?
I WAS PUTTING THINGS BACK TOGETHER AGAIN, DR. ARKHAM.
AND THERE'VE BEEN LOTS OF EXTRA BITS AND PIECES LYING ABOUT RECENTLY, HAVEN'T THERE?
THAT MUST BE VERY TEMPTING, HUMPHRY.
YES. LOTS OF SHARP BITS AND PIECES.
I KNOW. AND WE DON'T USUALLY SEE THOSE AROUND HERE, DO WE?
THAT'S WHY WE NEED YOUR HELP. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO PUT THIS TOGETHER AND SEE IF ANY PIECES ARE MISSING?
I'D LIKE IT VERY MUCH, DR. ARKHAM.
GOOD. MR. JACOBS AND MR. FREEMAN WILL STAY CLOSE BY IF YOU NEED A HAND.

THERE. THAT'S THE BEST I CAN DO. TRY NOT TO USE IT.
MAYBE I COULD STAY OVERNIGHT FOR OBSERVATION.
I SEE ENOUGH OF YOU AS IT IS, FISH!
EVERY DAY YOU'VE GOT SOME NEW GASH OR WOUND...
WAIT--THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'RE BUNKING WITH DEATH RATTLE.
GUESS YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE *HERE* INSTEAD OF THE *MORGUE*.
LET ME GIVE YOU SOME FREE ADVICE. IF YOU'RE GONNA SURVIVE IN HERE, YOU NEED SOMEONE *"WATCHING YOUR BACK."*
HEY, WHEN I GET OUT OF HERE I CAN GET YOU ANYTHING YOU--
YOU'RE NOT QUITE GRASPING IT.
COME ON... *FLIP*, DAMN YOU--!
I'M SAYING, YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE A "SUPER VILLAIN TEAM-UP."
WHAT?!
BE JOKER'S "STRAIGHT MAN." THE VENTRILOQUIST'S "HAND-PUPPET." SCARECROW'S "STRAW STUFFER."
FLIP
Y-YOU DON'T MEAN...
A "PARTNER IN PLUNDER."
GOOD GOD!

BLAST IT!
PING
PING
PING
RRRRRR
TCK
GIMME THE HEADS UP.
WHAT?
WHICH HEAD'S UP?
OH...UM... GOOD.
GOOD.

HEAR THE LATEST ABOUT TWO-FACE? HE GOT A NEW "COIN-BOY."
AND GET THIS: IT'S FISH!
WHAT AN IDIOT! HE BETTER STAY ON DENT'S GOOD SIDE.
I HEAR THAT. TWO-FACE IS A MANIAC.
NO, I MEAN HIS *RIGHT* SIDE. IF HE'S GONNA KILL YOU, IT'LL BE WITH HIS LEFT HAND.
FIVE. SIX. PICK UP STICKS. SEVEN. EIGHT. LAY THEM STRAIGHT.
WELL, YOU GOTTA GIVE WHITE CREDIT.
FOR WHAT? HOOKING UP WITH A PSYCHO?
NO, MOVING UP THE FOOD CHAIN. SEE...
"...HE'S GONE FROM 'FISH' TO 'FLIPPER!'"
FLIP
ROOK OR BISHOP?
HEAD OR GUT?
GUT.
REGULAR OR MENTHOL?

Dr. A. Carver/Private Files/ Erasmus "Death Rattle" Rayne
A self-proclaimed psychic and founder of his own religion, Rayne is convinced he can commune with the dead.
Last year, these voices told him to kill fifty-six members of his own ministry.
OKAY, FREAK SHOW, LISTEN UP...
He is completely amoral and wildly unpredictable.
I strongly recommend he not be allowed to socialize with other inmates.
...KEEP YOUR "SIXTH SENSE" GARBAGE TO YOURSELF.
I DON'T CARE WHICH "GHOST" DOESN'T WANT ME ON THE TOP BUNK. FOR ONCE I'M GETTING A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP.
HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THAT? TAKE IT UP WITH MY "ASSOCIATE," HARVEY DENT.
ACTUALLY, I'VE BEEN IN COMMUNICATION WITH ONE OF YOUR COLLEAGUES.
MR. RICHARD G. MILTON.
HE DOESN'T LIKE THE FACT THAT YOUR LUNGS ARE FILLED WITH AIR.
AND YOUR COFFERS WITH MONEY.
HE'S TOLD ME ABOUT THE RED FILE, WARREN.
HUNH?!
HE SUGGESTS I STRANGLE YOU TOMORROW. UNLESS...
...YOU DIVEST YOURSELF...
...OF ALL EARTHLY POSSESSIONS.
SNIFF
SMELLS FUNNY.

I WAS AFRAID OF THIS. A PIECE IS MISSING.
POSSIBLY A VERY NASTY PIECE.
IT'S NOT FAIR...
...WHEN YOU DON'T HAVE...
...ALL THE PIECES.
SO EASY TO...
10:15 - FISH
10:25 - JUNKYARD DOG
...TAKE THINGS APART...
...AND SO HARD TO... TO...
TO PUT THEM BACK TOGETHER, DR. ARKHAM?
I'D LIKE TO REQUEST A CELL TRANSFER.
HMM. I DON'T SEE WHY NOT.
YOU'VE BEEN A BIG HELP, HUMPHRY, AND A MODEL INMATE.
IT'S NOT FOR ME, SIR.

AND THAT'S THE STORY.
I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS.
NO SLEEP. WONDERING IF HE'S GOING TO SNAP MY NECK...
...OR PLAY SOME NEW HEAD GAME WITH ME.
I NEED YOUR HELP. YOU HAVE TO TAKE CARE OF DEATH RATTLE FOR ME.
FLIP THE COIN.
SHOW ME.
FLIP
GOOD SIDE. YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN.
NO! WE HAVE A *DEAL!*
WHAT'S THE *POINT* IF YOU ONLY PROTECT ME *HALF* THE TIME!
I WANT OUT!
YOU WANT OUT? FLIP THE COIN.
WAIT, I TAKE IT BACK. EVERYTHING'S GREAT JUST THE WAY--
FLIP IT!

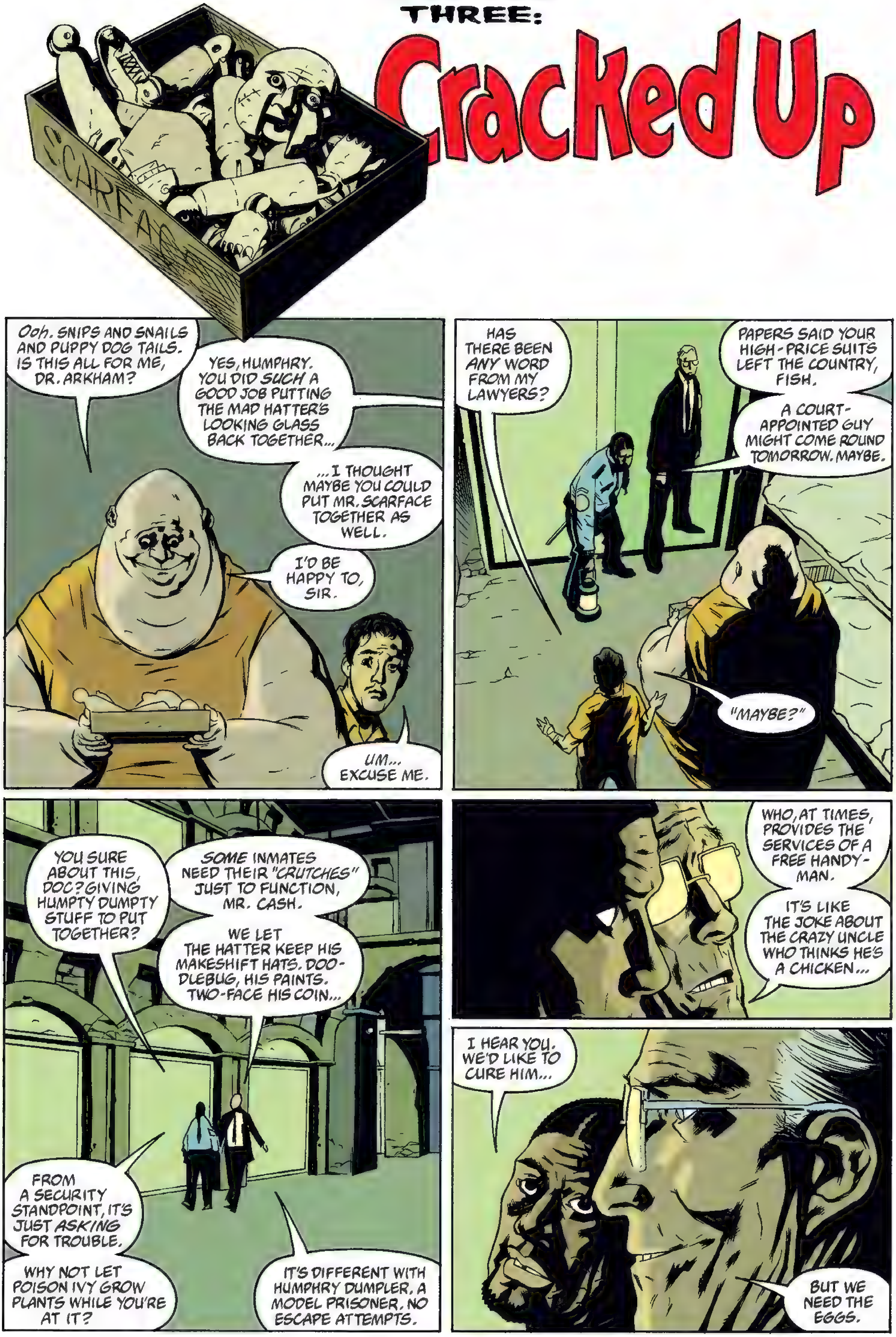
FLP
WAP
HE'S WITH ME NOW.
YOU OWE DUMPTY BIG TIME, FISH. FIGURED OUT HOW DEATH RATTLE WAS SHAKING YOU DOWN.
IT WAS THE SMELL. JUNKYARD DOG HAD BEEN IN YOUR CELL.
WHEN YOU SAW THE DOC, HE WAS NEXT ON THE CLOCK.
AND OUT IN THE DUST BIN, YOUR STORIES HAD JUST BEEN, SO INTO HIS HANDS THEY FELL.
MY FILES! HE GOT THEM OUT OF THE TRASH AND GAVE THEM TO DEATH RATTLE?! BUT THEY WERE IN SHREDS! HOW--
ANYTHING CAN BE PUT BACK TOGETHER, MR. FISH. I KNOW I COULD'VE.
WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, DUMPTY? WHY'S A LIFER LIKE YOU HELPING OUT A GUY LIKE FISH?
EVERYONE'S BEEN TAKING HIM APART SINCE HE GOT HERE. PIECE BY PIECE.
AND THAT'S NOT FAIR. NOT FAIR AT ALL.

INCREDIBLE. AND AS FOR *YOU*-- ALWAYS KNEW YOU WERE A *FAKE*, 'RATTLE.
ALL THAT "*CROSSING OVER*" BULL! YOU CAN'T SEE SQUAT.
I SEE ANNE. SHE SAYS YOU *WERE* THERE FOR HER, AARON. IN ALL THE WAYS THAT MATTERED.
WHAT?!
BUT SHE WANTS YOU TO KNOW, IT WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT.
SHE REALLY *DOES* FIND YOU REPULSIVE.
WHY YOU--
OH, CASH, ONE MORE THING...
DON'T *EVER* FLIP ME OFF AGAIN.
TOOM
BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS... I...

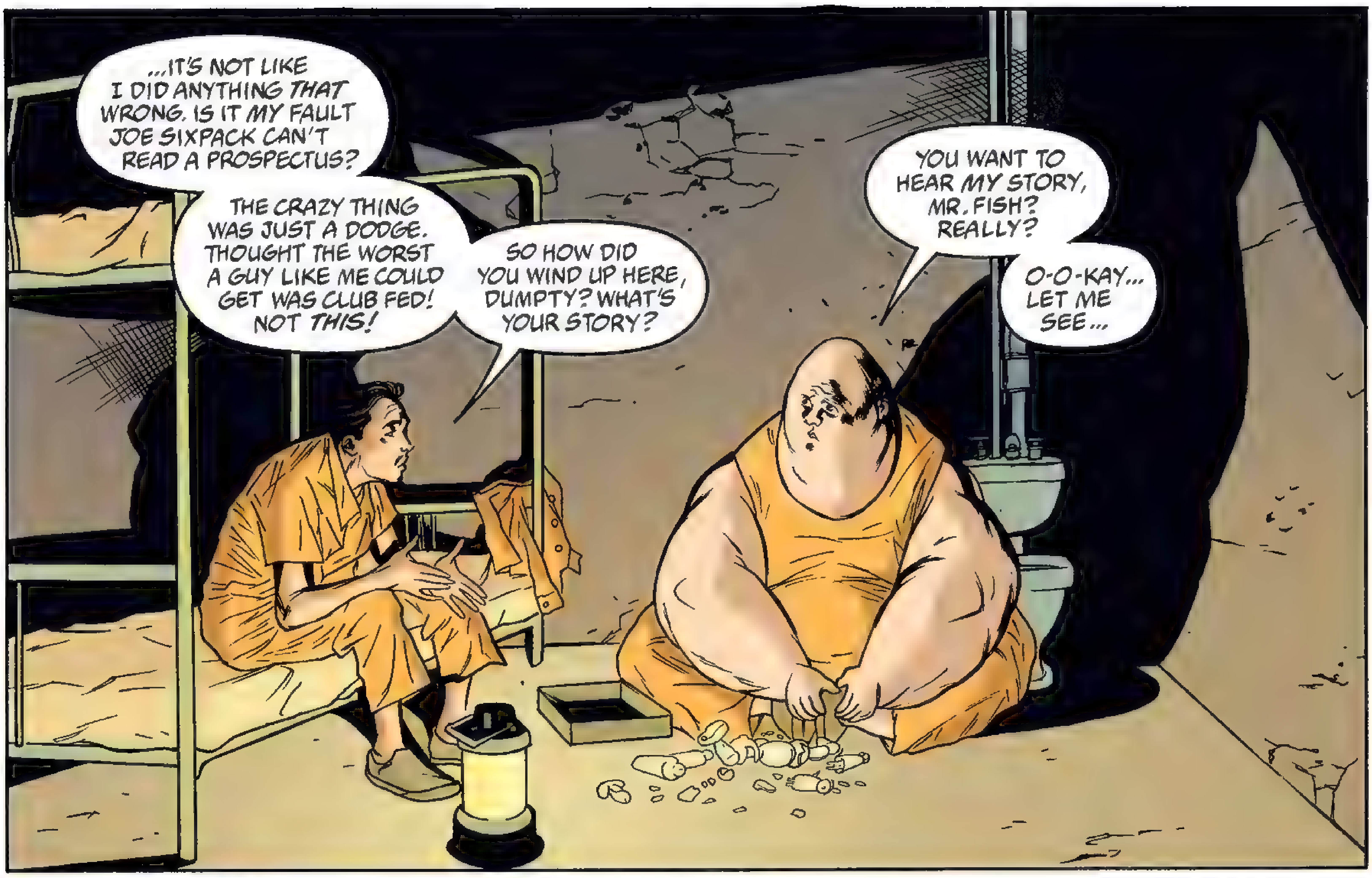
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS!
LIGHTS!
CHOOM
From: Dr. Jeremiah Arkham, Chief of Staff
To: All Floors
Regarding: The new inventory.
Arkham Asylum is not just any institution for the criminally insane.
It's the Ivy League of insanity. A "Harvard" for Psychopaths.
Anything not described on the new inventory is contraband.
Do not bring these items inside, no matter how small or commonplace they may appear.
Bits and pieces do not fall through the cracks here.
They fall into the hands of the best, the brightest, and the sickest.
SLITCHH
Morning strip searches of staff are now mandatory.

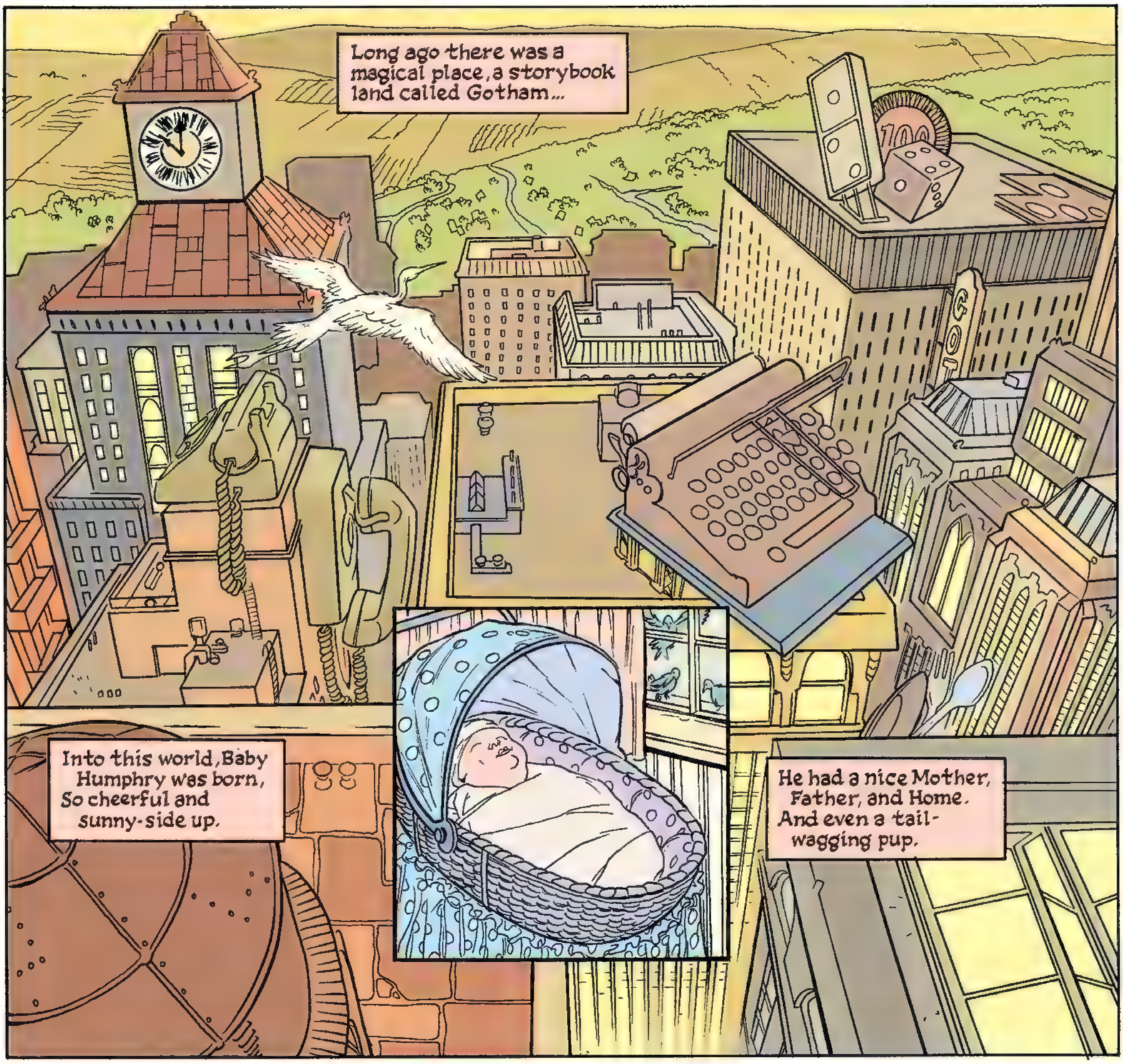
Eric Powell '03

CHAPTER THREE:
Cracked Up


SCARFACE
Ooh. SNIPS AND SNAILS AND PUPPY DOG TAILS. IS THIS ALL FOR ME, DR. ARKHAM?
YES, HUMPHRY. YOU DID SUCH A GOOD JOB PUTTING THE MAD HATTER'S LOOKING GLASS BACK TOGETHER...
...I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD PUT MR. SCARFACE TOGETHER AS WELL.
I'D BE HAPPY TO, SIR.
UM... EXCUSE ME.
HAS THERE BEEN ANY WORD FROM MY LAWYERS?
PAPERS SAID YOUR HIGH-PRICE SUITS LEFT THE COUNTRY, FISH.
A COURT-APPOINTED GUY MIGHT COME ROUND TOMORROW. MAYBE.
"MAYBE?"
YOU SURE ABOUT THIS, DOC? GIVING HUMPTY DUMPTY STUFF TO PUT TOGETHER?
SOME INMATES NEED THEIR "CRUTCHES" JUST TO FUNCTION, MR. CASH.
WE LET THE HATTER KEEP HIS MAKESHIFT HATS. DOODLEBUG, HIS PAINTS. TWO-FACE HIS COIN...
FROM A SECURITY STANDPOINT, IT'S JUST ASKING FOR TROUBLE.
WHY NOT LET POISON IVY GROW PLANTS WHILE YOU'RE AT IT?
IT'S DIFFERENT WITH HUMPHRY DUMPLER. A MODEL PRISONER. NO ESCAPE ATTEMPTS.
WHO, AT TIMES, PROVIDES THE SERVICES OF A FREE HANDYMAN.
IT'S LIKE THE JOKE ABOUT THE CRAZY UNCLE WHO THINKS HE'S A CHICKEN...
I HEAR YOU. WE'D LIKE TO CURE HIM...
BUT WE NEED THE EGGS.

"GONE TO ARKHAM, BACK AFTER LUNCH." WHAT WAS I *THINKING?!*
YOU SAY SOMETHING?
JUST REFLECTING. IT WAS THE LAST THING I SCRAWLED WHEN I WAS ON THE OUTSIDE.
I THINK THAT LITTLE BIT OF BRAVADO "EARNED" ME A CELL WITH YOU...
...THE JUNKYARD DOG, THE MOST FOUL SMELLING CON IN ALL OF ARKHAM.
I DON'T GET IT. WHAT'S THE APPEAL? WHY SPEND ALL YOUR TIME STEALING AND HOARDING *TRASH?*
YOUR TRASH IS *MY* TREASURE. NEVER KNOW WHAT I'LL FIND.
WINNING LOTTERY TICKET HERE, CREDIT CARD RECEIPT THERE. LETTER FROM A MISTRESS... MAYBE EVEN A KEY TO THIS CELL. NEVER KNOW.
NOW YOU TELL ME, DOODLEBUG...
HOW DOES AN URBAN-TAGGER RATE *"CRIMINAL INSANITY"?*
WHEN HE PUTS ART BEFORE LIFE. ANY LIFE. YOURS. EVEN MINE.
I FOLLOW MY MUSE. FOLLOW IT RIGHT OFF A CLIFF, IF THAT'S WHERE IT'S TAKING ME.
AND IT *DOES* TAKE ME PLACES. TOOK ME OFF THE STREETS. TOOK ME TO THE BEST ART GALLERIES IN GOTHAM.
AND TONIGHT, IT'S TAKING ME OUT OF THIS CELL.
CHOOM
DOODLEBUG! C'MON, IT'S NOW OR NEVER.
I GOT HEAD CHECK TONIGHT. THAT GIVES YOU TWENTY MINUTES TOPS...
I GOT THE SECURITY CAMERAS ON A LOOP. SEE?
CLEVER, MR. WRIGLEY. SO NO ONE CAN SEE A THING WE'RE DOING?
NOT IN THE HERE AND NOW. FOR THE NEXT HALF-HOUR, ANYBODY CHECKING IN IS LIVING IN THE PAST.


...IT'S NOT LIKE I DID ANYTHING *THAT* WRONG. IS IT *MY* FAULT JOE SIXPACK CAN'T READ A PROSPECTUS?
THE CRAZY THING WAS JUST A DODGE. THOUGHT THE WORST A GUY LIKE ME COULD GET WAS CLUB FED! NOT *THIS!*
SO HOW DID YOU WIND UP HERE, DUMPTY? WHAT'S YOUR STORY?
YOU WANT TO HEAR *MY* STORY, MR. FISH? REALLY?
O-O-KAY... LET ME SEE...


Long ago there was a magical place, a storybook land called Gotham...
Into this world, Baby Humphry was born, So cheerful and sunny-side up.
He had a nice Mother, Father, and Home. And even a tail-wagging pup.

But boughs will break...
CONDEMNED
DO NOT CROSS
DO NOT CROSS
NOT CROSS
SORRY, WRONG HOUSE.
CE CREAM
Since 1896
OOPS.
And wheels go round.
Humphry, Merry X-mas - Mom + Dad.
And people slip and break their crowns.
Though child services knew what to do.
They left me with Grandma (who lived in a shoe).
OOT
She taught me to cobble, amazingly quick.
By lessons applied with a large knotted stick.
FASTER!

Honestly, Mr. Fish, after a while I grew to accept these little bumps in my path.
"After all," I thought, "if life is ALWAYS getting worse, then right now is NEVER all bad?"
A happy thought that served me well...
F
Well... up until that fateful day...
F
I was on my way to Old Gotham Bay, to buy a spool of boot lace... When clippity clop, the train passed my stop, spitting up dust in my face.
Yes, Mr. Fish, it was a LITTLE thing. I know. It wasn't like...
My home being wrecked. Or a run-over pet. Or parents dead in a ditch! Or trapped in a shoe! And beat black and blue by some naughty, mean ol' witch.
But it was SOMETHING. And over time a little something can become that ONE thing.
And you just have to know WHY?!! Why does this happen to ME?!
Lucky for me, there was a place that had ALL the answers.
BRARY
Books! You can find the answer to almost anything in the right book, Mr. Fish.
So that day I checked out and read every book I could find about trains.
BARBARA GORDON
AIN DEPOT
And that night, I found THAT train... took every piece of its brake assembly apart, studied it, and put it back together.
DOWN AT THE STATION, EARLY IN THE MORNING, SEE THE LITTLE PUFFER-BELLIES ALL IN A ROW...
I knew that if I could see how it worked, I-I-I'd know why it was working AGAINST me!

And do you know what, Mr. Fish? The next day, that train rushed right past my stop again!
This time, though, it flew right off the rails. Made a horrible mess.
I TRIED TO GET EVERYONE OFF IN TIME...
IT'S OKAY, BATGIRL. THE PARAMEDICS ARE SAYING EVERYONE *SHOULD* PULL THROUGH.
WE WERE JUST LUCKY YOU WERE ON BOARD.
WELL, THIS LINE IS ON MY WAY TO W-- WHERE I WAS GOING.

My luck was finally changing.
It was a GOOD THING that train hadn't let me on THAT day.
AFTER ALL, MOST OF THE PEOPLE ON *THAT* TRAIN WERE CRIPPLED FOR LIFE.
VERY SAD. BUT THESE THINGS HAPPEN.
EAST WING
WOMEN'S WARD
IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO THIS...
...BE QUICK ABOUT IT.
POISON IVY MAGPIE
beep-beep
CHOOM
DON'T RUSH ME. I'M AN ARTIST.
SPEAKING OF WHICH?
ONE DOODLEBUG SELF-PORTRAIT. PUT IT UP ON EBAY AND IT'LL PUT YOUR DAUGHTER THROUGH COLLEGE.
SHE'S NOT MY DAUGHTER. AND IT'S NO COLLEGE.
HEH. YOU'RE GOOD PEOPLE.

WHY, WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A GENTLEMAN CALLER?
SO WHAT DO YOU WANT? TOP OR BOTTOM?
I'LL TAKE WHAT'S ON THE TOP *BUNK*, IVY.
YOU SURE I COULDN'T TEMPT YOU WITH A LITTLE KISS?
SUUUURE. WITH YOUR POISONOUS LIPPAGE, A KISS WOULD BE A TRIP, ALL RIGHT.
A ONE-WAY TRIP! I'LL STICK WITH MS. MAGPIE.
HA. NOT SO FAST.
THIS PRETTY BIRD DOESN'T GIVE IT AWAY FOR FREE.
I KNOW YOUR PRICE, LADY.
MAGPIE LIKES ALL THE *SHINY* THINGS. BITS AND BAUBLES THAT TWINKLE IN THE MOONLIGHT.
Ooh! SPARKLY.
mmmnnn ohh
sigh
I GOTTA GET MY OWN PLACE.

PUSH, PUSH, PUSH.
ALL MY LIFE I COULD FEEL FORCES AT WORK, TRYING TO KNOCK ME DOWN.
OH, I'D BEEN DEALT SOME HARSH BLOWS, MR. FISH...
...but it was the tiny nudges that began to unsettle me.
Oh, here a gaff. And there a glitch.
By day, I'd sit and idly twitch. But by night, I'd fix every switch, lever, cog and spring.
And come the dawn, at cock's first crow, with all my pieces in a row...
I put them back where they should go
And no one knew a thing.
And anything that irked me so...
By moonlight I reworked it so...
Removing any quirk and so...
That no one knew a thing.

It was a glorious time, Mr. Fish. Every problem became a chance to break a thing down and learn how its insides worked.
But there was one time when the THING learned something about ME.
ATM
GOTHAM MUTUAL
MY CARD. IT ATE MY CARD.
NEED MONEY FOR A SPOOL OF THREAD! MONEY FOR A NEEDLE!
THAT'S THE WAY THE MONEY GOES...
I took that cash machine apart that night. And put it back together.
And the very next day...
...REPORTS FROM ALL OVER TOWN! GOTHAM MUTUAL INSTA-TELLERS ARE CONTINUING TO SPEW OUT TWENTY-DOLLAR BILLS!
POLICE WILL NEITHER CONFIRM NOR DENY THAT MASKED VIGILANTES ARE HELPING TO QUELL THE ENSUING RIOTS.
DON'T JUST SIT THERE, YOU WORTHLESS LUMP! GO OUT 'N GRAB SOME A' THAT CASH!
BUT GRANDMA, THAT'D B-B-BE WRONG.
WHAKK
KEERAKK
THWACK
My Grandma wasn't the only one who was mad at me.
You see, I forgot that most of those banking machines had cameras...
The next day...
Gotham Gazette
HUMPTY DUMPTY
SUPER SABOTEUR!
My picture ran upstairs, downstairs, all around the town.
THEY CALLED ME "HUMPTY DUMPTY, THE SUPER SABOTEUR OF GOTHAM."

I was in big trouble, Mr. Fish. And I didn't know what to do...
WRIIIIIGLEY. OHHH, MR. WRIIIIIGLEY.
I HEAR YOU SKULKING ABOUT OUT THERE. C'MON! I NEED A FAVOR.
YOU SHUT IT RIGHT NOW, DOE! I DON'T DO FAVORS FOR NUTJOBS LIKE YOU!
REALLY? YOU DID BACK WHEN YOU THOUGHT I WAS "ANNE CARVER."
IN FACT, YOU DO FAVORS FOR INMATES ALL THE TIME.
I WONDER WHAT MR. CASH WOULD SAY IF HE FOUND OUT YOU WERE THE ONE SMUGGLING CONTRABAND INTO ARKHAM...
THAT'S IT, FREAK. YOU JUST BOUGHT YOURSELF A WORLD O' TROUBLE!
I KNOW DOZENS OF WAYS TO HURT YOU--WITHOUT EVEN LEAVING A MARK!
I KNOW, I'VE BEEN STUDYING YOU.
I had to get out of there, Mr. Fish.
SO I SPENT EVERY CENT, EVERY BILL, AND LAST NOTE.
FOR A TRIP OUT TO SEA IN A WEE PEA GREEN BOAT READY TO SET SAIL THAT DAY.
There was no going home once I left for the dock. Too excited to sleep, I stared out at the clock across from Old Gotham Bay.
GLUE
GOTHAM OCEAN LINERS

There were no fond farewells as I went to the pier.
I was ready to go, but to my greatest fear
my wee ship had sailed away.
ARY
That rotten clock tower
was off by an hour.
I would have to set it right!
CLOCKS
CLOCKS
Climbing up to the gears
I held back all my tears
And wound the works good and tight...
But when the clock struck one
The real trouble begun
As one of the hands took flight...

There were crashes...
KAT
LUB
Crashes...
Through all Gotham Town.

Ashes...
Ashes...
They all fell down.
JUST GREAT. THE SKY'S FALLING.
SOMETHING TELLS ME OUR SUPER-SABOTEUR IS AT IT AGAIN!
MISS! LOOK OUT!
OHHH!

TH-THAT WAS OUTSTANDING, DEAR! BLESS YOU!
"OUTSTANDING"? OF COURSE! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?!
I'VE BEEN GOING ABOUT THIS ALL WRONG!
ALL THIS TIME THE ANSWER'S BEEN RIGHT UNDER MY NOSE!
Some people can put the pieces together so easily...
...but not me, Mr. Fish. I try and I try, as hard as I can. But everything I touch falls apart.
I used to love those big, silly toys we had up on our rooftops. They made Gotham look like a Christmas parade, or a scene from a children's storybook.
They were fun. And now, thanks to me, they're all gone.
WAIT A MINUTE...THAT WAS YOU?! YOU'RE THE REASON THE STATE SENATE PASSED THE SPRANG ACT?!
YOU'RE WHY WE CAN'T HAVE THOSE THINGS IN OUR SKYLINE?
THAT'S WHAT GOT YOU SENT TO ARKHAM?
Oh no. I did something FAR worse. And by the time Batgirl tracked me down...
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, HUMPTY DUMPTY!
WHAT? OH MY!!

...it was already too late.
NICE LITTLE TASTE OF HEAVEN BACK THERE.
WELL, IT'S BACK TO EARTH FOR YOU, BUG.
SLEEP TIGHT, DON'T LET YOUR CELL MATE BITE.
FUNNY. I THINK THAT GETS BETTER *EVERY* TIME YOU TELL IT.
BEEP
WHATEVER.
HEY, THE DOOR DIDN'T--

C'MON! JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE!
GGGRRRR!!!
NOT SO LOUD, YOU ODOROUS PILE OF--
STOP TREATING ME LIKE SOME IDIOT!
SHUT UP! HE'S GOING TO HEAR YOU!
"WAIT! DON'T STOP THERE! WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?"
Oh right. Batgirl came tumbling after.
GOTCHA!
TOING
K-POP
POP
AHH!

Pulled both her arms out of her sockets. She just hung there like a little rag dolly.
GET AWAY FROM ME! DON'T--
Good thing I was there to put her back together.
ARGHHH!
Krik
Krak
Batgirl had figured out who I was and where I lived by looking at my outstanding library fines.
ONLY ONE PERSON IN GOTHAM USED THE PUBLIC LIBRARY TO CHECK OUT BOOKS...
...ON TRAINS, ELEVATORS, ROADWAYS, BANKING AND CLOCKS.
BUT I HAD TO KNOW, MR. DUMPLER, WHY DID YOU CHECK OUT A COPY OF GRAY'S ANATOMY? WHY?!
She asked nice enough. So I took her home and showed her.
OH DEAR GOD.
GRAY'S ANATOMY
It was for Grandma, of course. She was just SO awful. Something inside her HAD to be broken. So I took her apart and put her back together again.

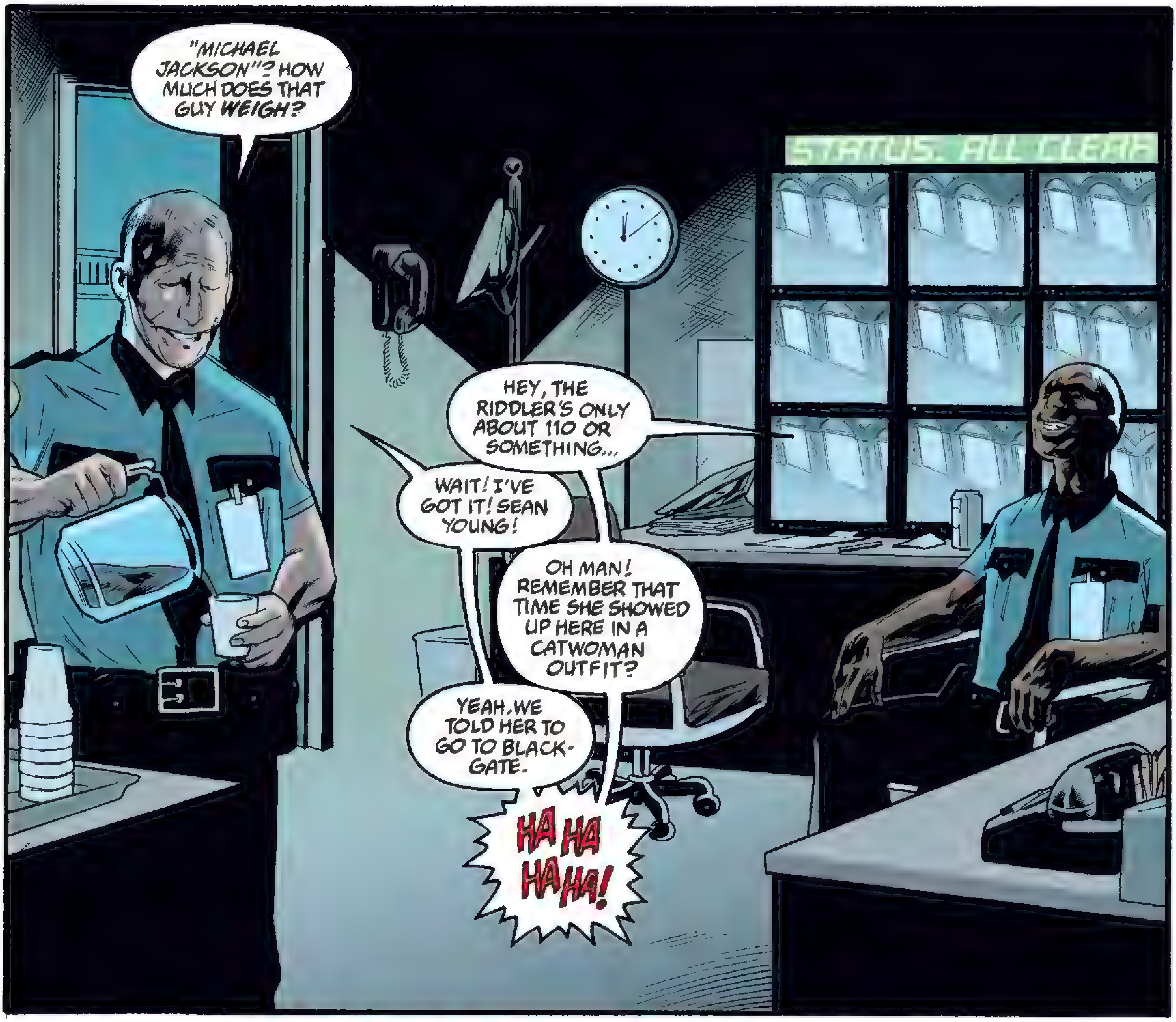
I DIDN'T DO SUCH A GOOD JOB. BUT I'M GETTING BETTER. SEE?
THAT'S NICE, HUMPTY... BUT WHAT I DON'T GET IS, WHY *ME*?
YOU'RE VERY... HAPPY HERE, SO YOU'RE NOT AFTER MY MONEY OR WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU.
CLICK
YET YOU SAVED ME FROM TWO-FACE AND DEATH RATTLE. YOU TOOK ME IN. WHY?
HONESTLY, MR. FISH?
SKREEEK
I THINK YOU'RE THE WORST MAN I'VE EVER MET.
AND I JUST *KNOW* IF I GIVE IT MY ALL, I CAN GET IN THERE AND *FIX* YOU!

GOOD NIGHT, MR. FISH.
THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN.
PROPERTY OF GOTHAM CITY MORGUE
I WANT TO WARN YOU, THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE PRETTY.
DON'T WORRY, DOC. I BEEN ON THE FORCE OVER TWENTY YEARS.
HAD A CASE ONCE, GUY HACKED UP HIS GRANDMOTHER AND SEWED HER BACK UP WITH SHOELACES.
AIN'T NOTHIN' IN THIS TOWN I HAVEN'T SEEN!

PLEASE, EXCUSE SERGEANT BULLOCK. I BELIEVE THIS CASE IS MORE SUITED TO *MY* FIELD OF EXPERTISE.
THAT *IS* WHY YOU CALLED ME IN, YES?
WRROLCH
YES. AT FIRST WE THOUGHT WE WERE DEALING WITH SOME KIND OF SERIAL KILLER...
BUT WE COULDN'T FIND *ANY* LINK BETWEEN THE VICTIMS.
THEY'RE FROM ALL PARTS OF THE CITY, ALL KINDS OF ECONOMIC BACKGROUND, AGE, RACE, RELIGION AND ORIENTATION.
YOU'RE RIGHT ON ONE COUNT. THIS *ISN'T* THE WORK OF A SERIAL KILLER. THESE SLAYINGS ARE RITUALISTIC, *OCCULT* IN NATURE.
BUT YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT THE VICTIMS. THEY *DO* HAVE SOMETHING IN COMMON.
REALLY? AND WHAT WOULD *THAT* BE, MR. BLOOD?
SIN, DOCTOR.
THEY'VE ALL COMMITTED THE SAME SIN.

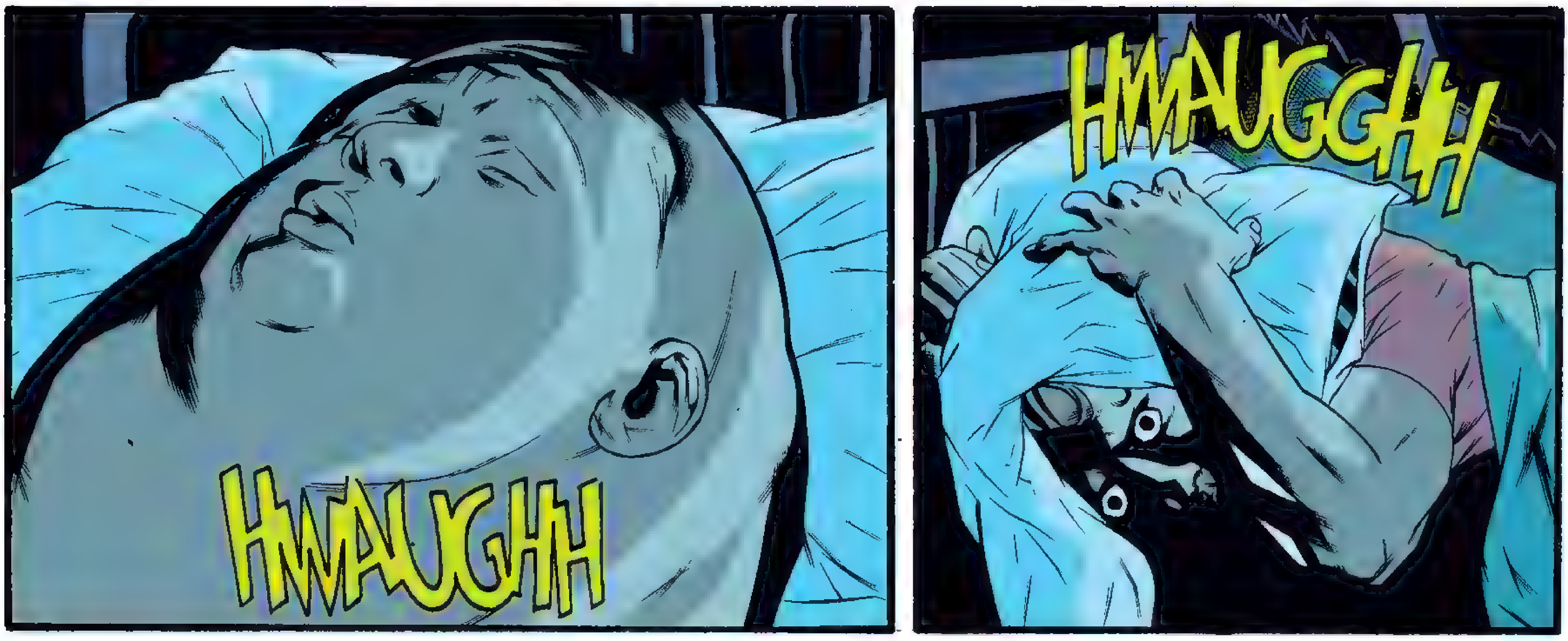
Eric Powell '03

"I'VE GOT ONE...
EDWARD NYGMA
RIDDLER
WRIGLEY
SWPP
BEEP
BEEP
?
JONATHA
SCAREC
EDWARD N
RIDDLE
"...MICHAEL JACKSON."
DREY
NUM
JERVI
MAD
BEEP
"MICHAEL JACKSON?!"
O FRABJOUS DAY!
"YEAH. THINK ABOUT IT.
BEEP
"DID ALL THAT SURGERY TO HIS FACE. SURROUNDS HIMSELF WITH WEIRD ANIMALS. SOMETIMES WEARS A MASK."
"WHAT WOULD YOU CALL HIM?"
"POP KING. OKAY, YOUR TURN."
"THE ROCK."
"HERE WE GO AGAIN! LOOK, NOBODY FROM THE WWE..."
CALLOOH! CALLAY!
...IT'S TOO OBVIOUS!
MONITOR 1
LIKE YOUR GUY COULD TAKE BATMAN? COME ON...
MONITOR 2


"MICHAEL JACKSON"? HOW MUCH DOES THAT GUY WEIGH?
STATUS: ALL CLEAR
HEY, THE RIDDLER'S ONLY ABOUT 110 OR SOMETHING...
WAIT! I'VE GOT IT! SEAN YOUNG!
OH MAN! REMEMBER THAT TIME SHE SHOWED UP HERE IN A CATWOMAN OUTFIT?
YEAH. WE TOLD HER TO GO TO BLACKGATE.
HA HA HA HA!

CHAPTER 4

tic toc


HWAUGHH
HWAUGGHH

FISH! GET UP!
WH-WHAT? WHO'S THERE?
IT'S ME, MR. WHITE. WRIGLEY.
YOU'RE THE ONE I BOUGHT THE SMOKES OFF OF...
THAT'S RIGHT, FISH. LOOK, THERE'S A RIOT STARTING...
A RIOT?!
WE GOTTA GET YOU OUTTA HERE. FOR YOUR OWN SAFETY.
Y-Y-YES! OF COURSE! THANK YOU!
FTAM
YOU'RE WELCOME.
HWAUGHH
I haven't had a full night's sleep in years...

Always some idiot on the phone with some **new** problem...
"Dr. Arkham, the Scarecrow's trying to hang himself!"
"Junkyard Dog flushed something, now all the toilets are broken!"
"The Joker got hold of the cleaning supplies. He's going to kill us all!"
It's always something.
But tonight? Nothing. Quiet as the grave.
THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.
CLICK
DAMN.
BETTER GET DOWN THERE...
CHU-CHUKK
...BEFORE ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

AW, MAN! NOT YOU!
WAIT...
...JUST NOT THE FACE!
KRAKK
YOU GIVING ME ORDERS, DOG?!
I'M GIVING THE ORDERS HERE!
AND I BELIEVE I SAID, LIGHTS OUT!!
CASH?! MR. CASH! WHAT'S GOING ON?

DR. ARKHAM? WHAT? NO...
URRK
...EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL HERE.
NO REASON TO DROP BY.
SKREEEE
THANKS FOR CHECKING IN. GOTTA GO.
AARON? WHAT'S ALL THAT NOI-- -SSKRRZ-
CRUNCH
AARON?! -SKRZZZ- I'M PULLING UP TO THE GATES.
I BETTER -SKRZZZ- NOT FIND ANY -SKKRRRZZ-
SPECIAL CONTAINMEN AREA
WARNING: ONLY AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL PAST THIS POINT!

WILL WE, WON'T WE, WILL WE, WON'T WE, WILL WE JOIN THE DANCE?
HEAVENS NO, JERVIS.
TH-THOSE ARE DANGEROUS MEN OUT THERE.
THAT *ALL* YOU GOT?!
I GOT THINGS IN MY *STOOL* BIGGER THAN *YOU!*
ESPECIALLY HIM-- LUNKHEAD!
HE'S THE ONE THAT BUSTED UP MR. SCARFACE!
HEY, DUMMY! OVER HERE!
THIS WAY! HURRY UP! CHOP CHOP!
MR. SCARFACE?!?
MR. SCARFACE?! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?!
HWAUGHH
HUMPTY DUMPTY TRIED PUTTIN' ME GACK TOGETHER! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED!
GUT I DON'T GLAME HIM. HE'S JUST A GIG, FAT IDIOT! Y'KNOW WHO I *DO* GLAME?
LUNKHEAD!
RIGHT! AND NOW THAT I'M GACK, I'M TAKING *THAT JOIK APART!*

SO? WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU...
BUT I FEEL LIKE CATCHING DINNER AND A SHOW!
I MEAN, NOW THAT WE'RE OUT, WHAT'S OUR NEXT STEP?
YOU DO HAVE A PLAN?
OF COURSE.
Kilroy 76
I'M THINKING OF KILLING EVERYBODY WHOSE NAME IS A PALINDROME.
Gotham Bell
WHITE PAGES
LOOK... "NORA BARON"! YOU IN?
NO.
WAP
HARVEY, AS ALWAYS, PLEASURE DOING BUSINESS WITH YOU.
SURE. SURE.

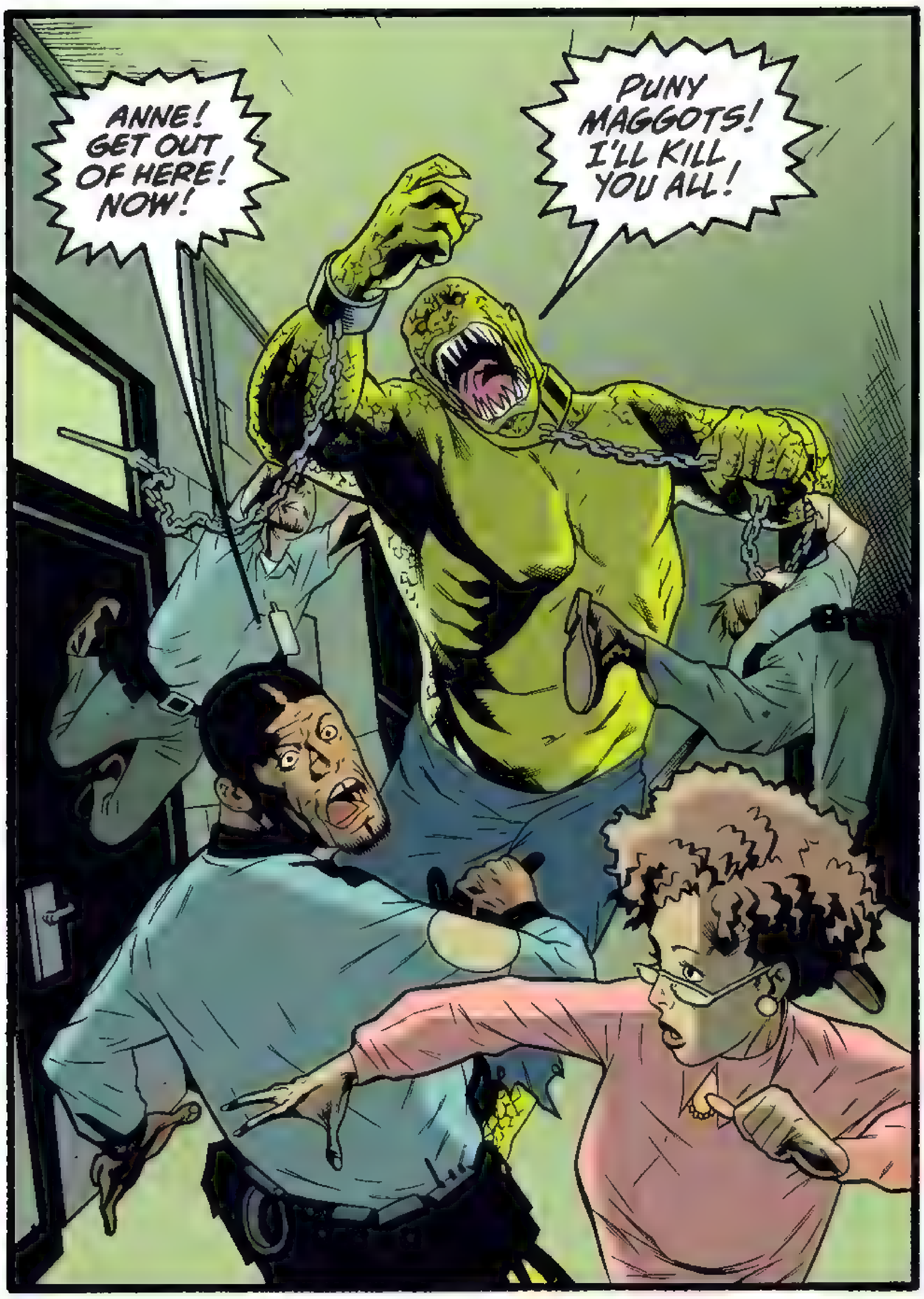
PERFECT. JUST PERFECT.
BETTER CALL FOR BACKUP...
YEAH. RIGHT.
EIGHT NINE THREE FOUR NINE OH.
HARVEY DENT TWO-FACE
WHOEVER YOU ARE...
YOU SHOULD WRITE THAT DOWN.
JOKER
IT'S MY EMPLOYEE IDENTIFICATION NUMBER.

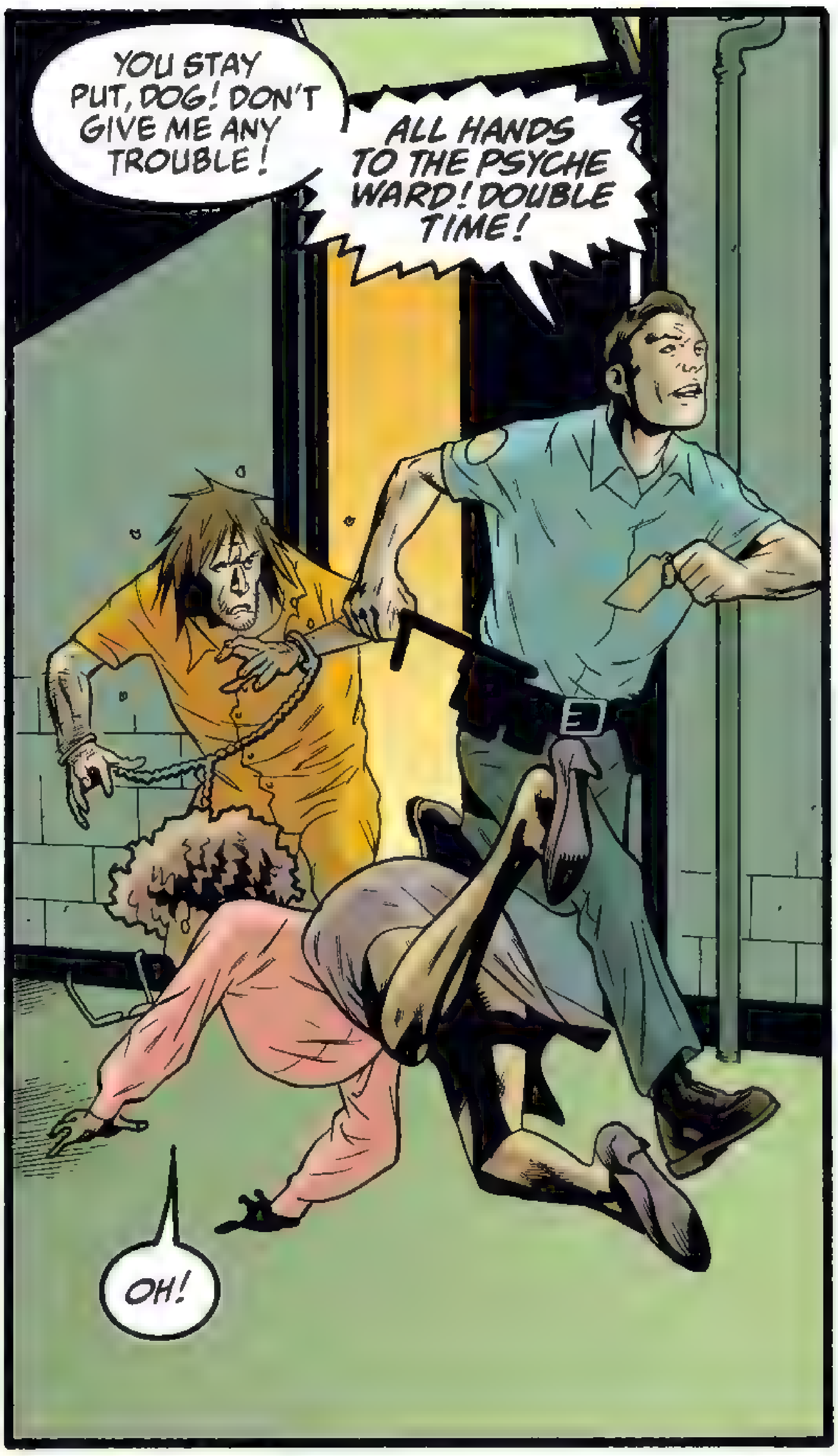
KILLER CROC
BEEP
YOU'RE GONNA NEED IT!
WHEN YOU PRESS CHARGES AGAINST ME!
Whreeeee
TSSSSSSSS
TUMP
FOR ALL THE GRIEVOUS BODILY HARM...
...I'M GONNA INFLICT ON...
...YOU.

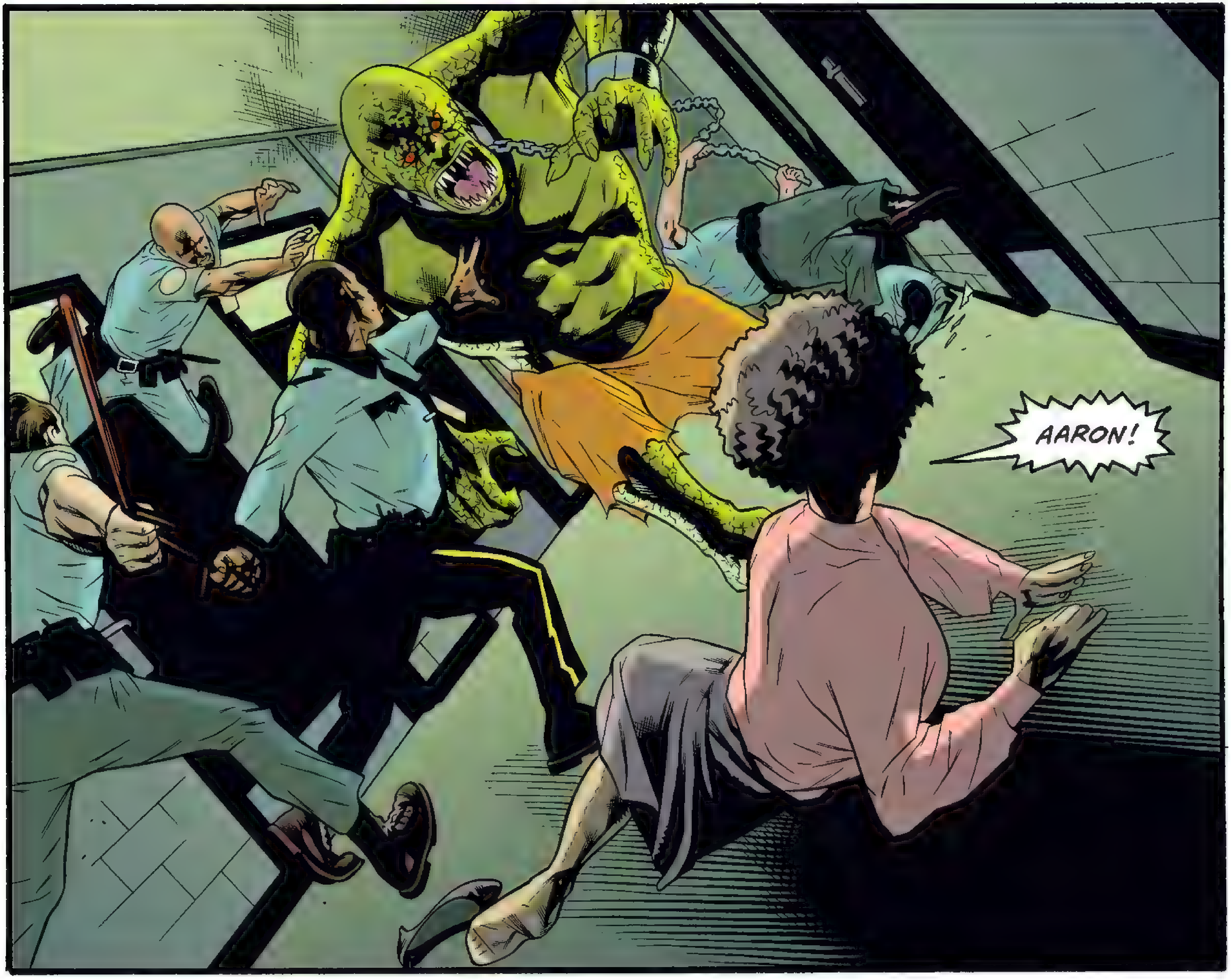
TIC TOC.
"NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF."

"DON'T PANIC.
"YOU CAN DO THIS.
"EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL.
"ANNE, WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR SOME TIME NOW...
"ANNE, DO YOU HAVE ANY PLANS AFTER WORK?
"MAYBE WE COULD GRAB SOME DINNER. TOGETHER."
MR. CASH? IS SOMETHING WRONG?
NO, I'M SORRY, DR. CARVER. DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A PATIENT.
WE WERE JUST WRAPPING UP...
GREG, COULD YOU SEE MR. LONG BACK TO HIS CELL?
I'LL COME BACK LATER.

MR. CASH! AARON, WAIT UP.
I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET HOLD OF YOU, BUT YOU'RE ALWAYS SO BUSY.
NATURE OF THE JOB, DR. CARVER. TAKES A LOT OF FOCUS AND DISCIPLINE TO KEEP A PLACE LIKE THIS SAFE.
DOESN'T LEAVE MUCH TIME FOR ANYTHING ELSE.
THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO TALK ABOUT. YOUR LIFE *OUTSIDE* OF ARKHAM.
IF YOUR SCHEDULE IS *THAT* TIGHT...
MAYBE WE COULD DO THIS *AFTER* WORK. SAY, OVER DINNER?
I'D REALLY *LIKE* THAT, ANNE.
YOU DO REALIZE I'M TALKING ABOUT YOUR ANNUAL PSYCHE EVALUATION?
BOOM
RWAAARR!
ALL HANDS! IT'S CROC!
TRANQ WORE OFF DURING LOCKDOWN! HURRY!
KEERAKK


ANNE! GET OUT OF HERE! NOW!
PUNY MAGGOTS! I'LL KILL YOU ALL!


YOU STAY PUT, DOG! DON'T GIVE ME ANY TROUBLE!
ALL HANDS TO THE PSYCHE WARD! DOUBLE TIME!
OH!


AARON!

ANNE?! I TOLD YOU TO--
AHHHH!
KRATCHH
WAP
RING RING RING
CLICK
I'M NOT IN. LEAVE A MESSAGE.
AARON, I KNOW YOU'RE THERE. THIS IS JEREMIAH. DR. ARKHAM.
AARON, IT'S TIME TO GET BACK ON THE HORSE. THE INSTITUTION NEEDS YOU.
IN YOUR ABSENCE WE'VE ALREADY HAD THREE ESCAPES: FREEZE, CLAYFACE, AND JANE DOE.
IT'S--WELL, IT'S INTOLERABLE, THAT'S WHAT IT IS. SO I LEAVE IT TO YOU, MR. CASH...
YOU CAN SIT THERE AND BE A CRIPPLE...
...OR RETURN TO A JOB WHERE IT'S SOCIALLY ACCEPTABLE TO CRIPPLE OTHERS.
YOU SILVER-TONGUED BASTARD.
YOU HAD ME AT "CLAYFACE."

AKK HIKK
Y'KNOW, NYGMA, YOU'RE RIGHT. I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER TO YOUR LITTLE RIDDLE.
SO LET ME GIVE YOU ONE OF MINE.
"WHAT INMATE IS GOING TO BE MISSING MOST OF HIS TEETH IF HE DOESN'T DO HIS WORK DETAIL?"
MR. CASH! COME IN! CODE RED! PICK UP!
IT'S CROC! HE GOT OUT! AND NOW HE'S SLICING UP THAT NEW GUY FISH'S NECK!
UM... DEAL WITH IT, OKAY? I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL WITH NYGMA.
WHAT?! THE RIDDLER?! YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! WHAT'S THAT GUY WEIGH? ONE-TEN?!
CASH? MR. CA--
CLICK

CASH. CASH. CASH.
Y'KNOW WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU?
YOU TASTE LIKE CHICKEN.
RAAAARGH
POOM
WUMP
NEVER MET A PROBLEM I COULDN'T SOLVE...
...WITH THE RIGHT MEDICATION.

THERE WAS NO NEED FOR THIS, SIR.
I HAD EVERYTHING--
UNDER CONTROL. I KNOW.
HERE, PUT THIS ON.
SECURITY, THIS IS DR. ARKHAM. I'M CALLING IN AN "UNSCHEDULED NAP TIME."
SECURITY HERE. ARE YOU SURE, DOC? WE'RE SHOWING "ALL CLEAR" IN THE BOOTH.
I REPEAT, AN "UNSCHEDULED NAP TIME." OVER!
SSSSSSS
YOU'RE THE BOSS.
KLIK
"ALL CLEAR!" CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?!
MR. FRE
I AM BESET ON ALL SIDES BY IDIOTS!
IDIOTS AND MADMEN!

MR. CASH?
AARON? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHAT? OH, YES. I BELIEVE SO, SIR.
YOU "BELIEVE SO"?! DO I HAVE TO TAKE YOU OFF THE LINE, MR. CASH?!
NO, SIR!
GOOD. NOW GET SOMEONE TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS.
"IT'S THE DESIGNS. AIN'T IT, MR. BLOOD?"
COME AGAIN?
YOU WUZ SAYIN' ALL THE VICTIMS COMMITTED THE SAME SINS.
AN' I WUZ SAYIN' YOU COULD PROBABLY TELL THAT FROM ALL A' THEM OCCULT THINGS CARVED INTO THEIR SKIN.
PROPERTY OF GOTHAM CITY MORGUE
SURE, SERGEANT IF THAT WORKS FOR YOU.
YOU REALLY ARE A COLD ONE, BLOOD.
I'M GUESSIN' YOU SEEN THIS KINDA THING BEFORE?
YES, SOMETHING LIKE THIS...

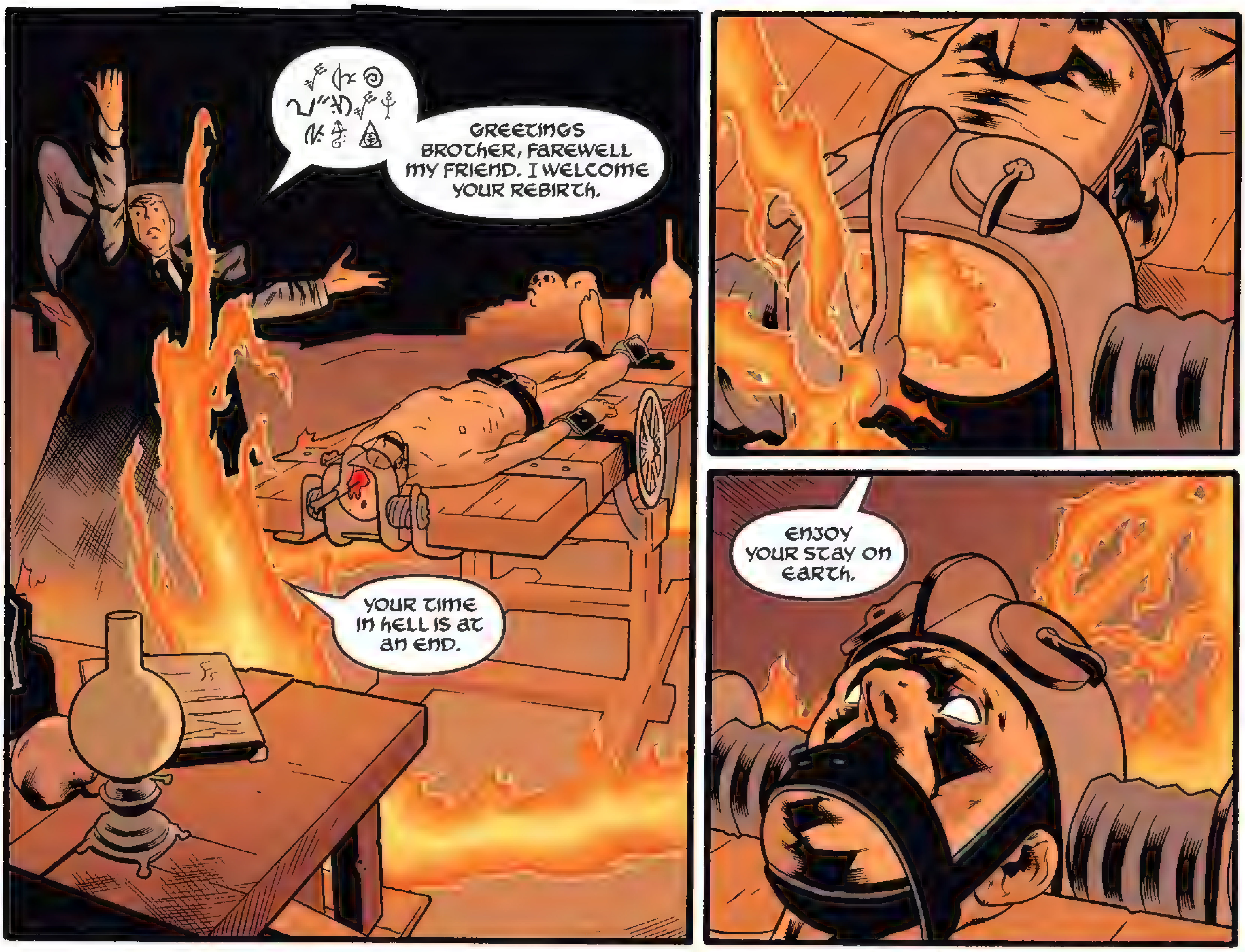
"...THOUGH IT WAS *SOME* TIME AGO."
CURSED SKARVA! WRETCHED SEVEN! BARRED FROM HELL AND BANNED FROM HEAVEN!
"WELL, IS THERE ANY REASON, IN OCCULT LORE..."
...FOR *WHEN* THESE PEOPLE WERE SLAIN?
SNAP
TIME OF DEATH SHOWS THEY WERE KILLED ON A REGULAR SCHEDULE--A SCHEDULE THAT ABRUPTLY STOPPED.
HMM. MAYBE WE GOT LUCKY. MAYBE THIS NUT JOB GOT HIMSELF WHACKED...
...OR BUSTED EVEN.
WHO KNOWS? WE MIGHT ALREADY HAVE 'IM LOCKED UP IN BLACKGATE.
BLACKGATE?

"I DON'T THINK SO, SERGEANT BULLOCK."
here shall ye be bound, held fast within these lands!
BURIED underground and freed by no man's hands!
House of Madness for Ill Humors
ha ha ha ha
"IF OUR KILLER IS CURRENTLY IN CUSTODY..."
I'D WAGER THEY'D BE IN ARKHAM.
LOOK AT ALL MY SHINY THINGS. BITS AND BAUBLES THAT TWINKLE IN THE MOONLIGHT.
COFFEE CAN LID FROM THE COOK.
BADGE FROM MR. WRIGLEY.
PIECE OF MIRROR FROM THE BUG.
ALL SO PRETTY.

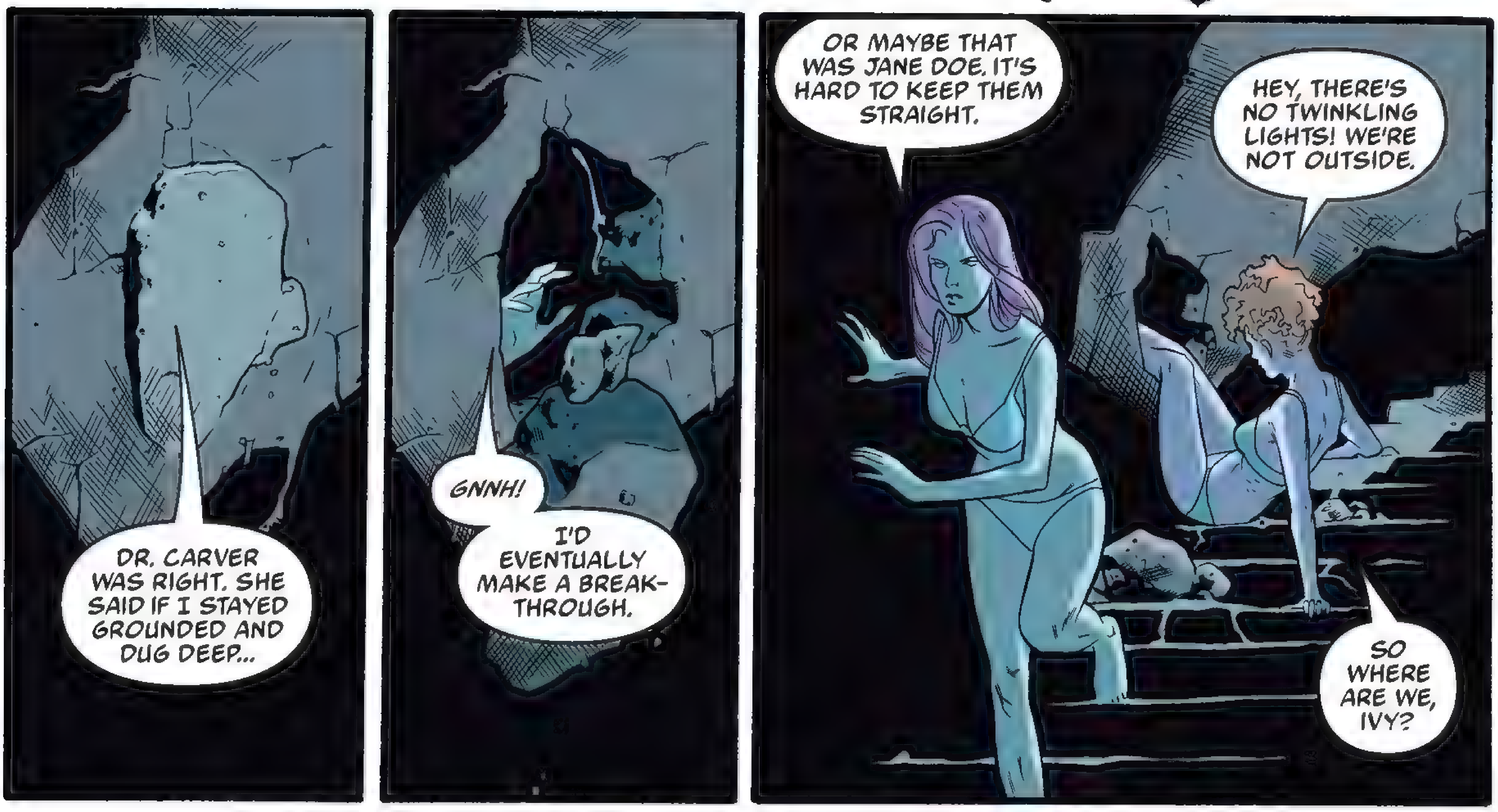
CAN WE TAKE THEM WITH US, IVY?
NO. WE NEED THE LIGHT.
PLEASE! AFTER THE UGLY, SWEATY THINGS I DID TO GET THEM...
NO! NOW GET YOUR BUTT DOWN. I CAN'T SEE A THING.
BETTER?
BETTER. NOW, DIG.
I SENSE ROOTS AHEAD. I THINK I CAN MANIPULATE THEM, FORM A BUTTRESS.
YOU CAN STILL HEAR ALL THE SIRENS FROM THE MEN'S WARD.
SKRITCH
SKRITCH
SKRITCH
I KNOW. THAT SHOULD KEEP EVERYONE BUSY.
IF WE KEEP AT IT, WE COULD REALLY COVER SOME GROUND TONIGHT.
SKRITCH SKRITCH SKRITCH
HKKSSs

Eric Powell '03

KRAKK
HOLY MOTHER OF GOD!
BLOOD! THERE'S SO MUCH BLOOD! WHY WON'T IT *STOP?!*
I DROVE A SPIKE INTO A MAN'S HEAD. WHAT DID YOU EXPECT TO COME OUT?
BUT THE PATIENT--HE'S *DEAD!* THIS IS *MADNESS!*
NO, DOCTOR. *THAT* WAS MADNESS.
YOU MONST--
ENOUGH! I GROW TIRED OF YOUR PETTY WHINING.
THERE ARE SIX OTHERS AWAITING THIS PROCEDURE.
FETCH THEM AT ONCE.
YES, MASTER.
FWOOSH


GREETINGS BROTHER, FAREWELL MY FRIEND. I WELCOME YOUR REBIRTH.
YOUR TIME IN HELL IS AT AN END.
ENJOY YOUR STAY ON EARTH.

CHAPTER FIVE PATTERNS


DR. CARVER WAS RIGHT. SHE SAID IF I STAYED GROUNDED AND DUG DEEP...
GNNH!
I'D EVENTUALLY MAKE A BREAK-THROUGH.
OR MAYBE THAT WAS JANE DOE. IT'S HARD TO KEEP THEM STRAIGHT.
HEY, THERE'S NO TWINKLING LIGHTS! WE'RE NOT OUTSIDE.
SO WHERE ARE WE, IVY?

THIS SHOULD HELP.
OOH. IT'S ALL GLITTERY.
LUMINOUS ALGAE. KNOCK YOURSELF OUT, MAGPIE.
IVY! WAIT UP!
WE'RE IN SOME KIND OF SEALED-OFF ANTECHAMBER.
DOESN'T LOOK LIKE ANYONE'S BEEN HERE IN OVER A CENTURY.
OR AT LEAST ANYBODY NEW.
SNAP
IVY!
HHHSSSS
AAHHH!
HHHSSSS

HWAUGHH
HWAUK-
HELLO?
MR. FISH?
DR. ARKHAM?
OLLIE OLLIE OXENFREE. READY OR NOT, HERE I COME.
RAPPING AT THE WINDOW. CRYING THROUGH THE LOCK.
ARE THE CHILDREN ALL IN BED? FOR NOW IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK.
EVERYONE BACK IN THEIR PROPER CELLS. DOUBLE-TIME.
YES, SIR!
OUR CARD SYSTEM HAS BEEN COMPROMISED.
I'M SWITCHING OVER TO FALLBACK SECURITY MEASURES, ON MY MARK.
THREE. TWO. ONE. MARK!
KLIK-K

SYSTEM IS GREEN. CLOSING CELLS.
NO PRISONERS ON THE FLOOR. ALL CLEAR TO VENT GAS.
SECURITY, THIS IS CASH. COPY.
SECURITY HERE.
NO. EVERYTHING LOOKS FINE, SIR.
WHAT'S HE WANT NOW?
SAYS, CHECK THE EAST WING.
THE WOMEN'S WING? SAME OLD, SAME OLD.
"NOTHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY."
WHAKK
HWWWRRR

HKKREEE
RUNCHH
"OH MY G-G-GOD! YOU T-T-TALK LIKE HIM, BUT YOU'RE NOT HIM!"
"YOU'RE NOT WRIGLEY!"
JANE DOE
"..YOU'RE J-J-JANE DOE!"
MR. FREEZE
WHAT'S GOING ON?
W-W-WHY IS IT SO COLD?!
WHERE HAVE YOU TAKEN ME?!
JEEZ! WOULD YOU SHUT IT, ALREADY?!
WE'RE IN THE BEST HIDEY-HOLE IN ALL A'ARKHAM.
THIS PLACE IS LIKE ONE BIG WALK-IN MEAT LOCKER. KEEPS EVERYTHING NICE N'FRESH.

NOW WHERE'D I STASH THAT...
NO, THAT AIN'T IT.
J-J-JESUS!
WUMP
THAT'S RIGHT. YOU HAVEN'T BEEN INTRODUCED. MR. WHITE, MEET DOC CARVER.
AH! HERE WE GO!
THIS IS THE "FISH SKIN" JANE WAS WORKING ON.
THE ONE SHE WAS GONNA USE TO TAKE YOUR PLACE.
BUT YOU HAD TO GO AND RUIN IT.
M-M-ME?! WHAT DID I...
CLICK
...DO?

SLIKT
ARGHH!
STOP IT! IT WASN'T ME! IT WAS BATMAN!
HE RUINED YOUR PLAN! NOT ME!
YOU DON'T GET IT, DO YOU, FISH?
I'M TALKING ABOUT THE SUIT. IT'S ALL WRONG NOW.
SINCE I LAST SAW YOU, YOU GOT A WHOLE NEW SET OF WOUNDS.
NOW I GOTTA MAKE SOME ALTERATIONS. AND TO DO THAT...
I GOTTA OPEN THEM ALL UP...
SLITCH
AAHHH!
"REALLY GET UNDER YOUR SKIN..."

"...SEE WHERE EVERYTHING GOES FROM THE INSIDE OUT."
WHICH ONE'S THAT?
DOODLEBUG. HAD HIM IN THE WRONG CELL.
DID HE JUST *MOVE?*
"YEAH. HE'S PROBABLY DREAMING."
WHAT, LIKE HE'S CHASIN' RABBITS?
NAH...
"YOU'RE THINKING OF JUNKYARD DOG. THIS'S DOODLEBUG.
"THE GUY'S AN ARTIST."
NO KIDDING?
YEAH. FAMOUS TOO.
"WAY I FIGURE, A GUY LIKE THE DOG DREAMS IN BLACK AND WHITE.
"BUT DOODLEBUG, HERE...
"HE DREAMS IN COLOR."
IS THAT HIM? THE ARTIST?
DAEDALUS BOCH.
A GENIUS!
HIS WORK IS SO "URBAN"...
YET OTHER-WORLDLY AT THE SAME TIME!

MR. BOCH? EXCUSE ME, BUT I JUST *HAD* TO MEET YOU...
...I'M A *BIG* FAN.
THE WAY YOU *SEE* THE WORLD--WITH ALL THOSE WEIRD PATTERNS. IT'S AMAZING!
HOW DO YOU *DO* THAT?
YOU'D BE SURPRISED.
IN FACT...
IF YOU HAVE THE TIME, I COULD GIVE YOU A *PRIVATE* DEMONSTRATION.
REALLY? I COULD WATCH YOU WORK?
WHAT A TRIP!
WOW! SO THIS IS WHERE THE MAGIC HAPPENS.
YOU KNOW, I GUESS YOU *COULD* CALL IT THAT.
IT'S LIKE A WHOLE OTHER STATE OF BEING. I JUST *LET GO* AND SEE WHERE THE ART TAKES ME.
EVER USE MODELS?
SOME FIND THEIR WAY INTO MY WORK.
TAKE THIS PIECE. I COULD SEE *YOU* IN SOMETHING LIKE THIS.
REALLY? I'D BE--
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU--
AAAIIIIII

DON'T WORRY.
I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU.
PLOOP
SEE, YOU AND ME, BABY...
WE'RE GONNA PAINT THE TOWN.
PSSSST
PSST
"SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU THINK WE *DO* GOT A SERIAL KILLER...
"AND THE ONLY REASON HE'S STOPPED *WHACKING* PEOPLE...
"IS THAT WE GOT 'IM LOCKED UP IN *ARKHAM?*"

IF *THAT'S* THE CASE, WHAT'RE WE DOIN' *HERE?!*
SUPPLIES, SERGEANT BULLOCK. WE'RE STOCKING UP ON SUPPLIES.
SUPPLIES FOR *WHAT?!*
JASON BLOOD · DEMONOLOGIST Occult Studies and Antiquities
LOOK, BLOOD, YOU MAY KNOW A LOT ABOUT ALL A'THIS VOODOO HOODOO...
BUT I DON'T SEE HOW THAT MAKES YOU AN *EXPERT* ON *LOONY BINS.*
SERGEANT, IT WAS ONCE *CANON* THAT MADMEN WERE *POSSESSED* BY DEMONS.
IT IS MY OPINION THAT OUR "KILLER" *BELIEVES* HE SUFFERS FROM THIS AFFLICTION.
Madness & Ill Humors
WHAT, SO YOU'RE GONNA *EXORCISE* THE FRUITCAKE?
AN *"EXORCISE"* IN FUTILITY IF YOU ASK ME!
SPEAK OF THE DEVIL. GOT A PICTURE OF ARKHAM UP ON YOUR WALL HERE.
YES. TAKEN ON THE DAY THE DEEDS AND LANDS WERE SOLD TO THE ARKHAM FAMILY.
BEFORE THAT IT WAS THE TOWN'S MADHOUSE.
GUESS HISTORY HAS A WAY A'REPEATING ITSELF.
TRUST ME. LIVE LONG ENOUGH AND EVERYTHING COMES FULL CIRCLE.
GUY IN THE HAT KINDA LOOKS LIKE YOU. GREAT GREAT GRAMPA?
SOMETHING CLOSER. I AGE WELL.

MORE RELATIONS?
DON'T JOKE, SERGEANT.
THESE ARE *THE SKARVA*, THE DEMONS I THINK OUR KILLER IS TRYING TO APPEASE.
ACCORDING TO LEGEND, THESE SEVEN WERE THE GREATEST TORTURE LORDS OF HELL.
IT WAS THEIR TASK TO TORMENT THOSE WHO COMMITTED THE *FIRST* SIN.
THE SIN OF *PRIDE*.
AN UNENVIABLE TASK FOR *ANY* DEVIL, BECAUSE YOU SEE--
HOLD IT RIGHT THERE, BLOOD!
SERGEANT BULLOCK?
THAT'S A *HUMAN TONGUE*, YOU *FREAK!* A WHOLE CABINET FULL OF 'EM!
WHAT ARE THEY? *TROPHIES?!*
AND ALL THOSE CARVINGS! JUST LIKE THE ONES THAT WERE ON THE BODIES!
IT WAS YOU ALL ALONG! *YOU'RE* THE KILLER!
HANDS IN THE AIR! NOW!
VERY WELL.

KRESHH
flp
flup
NO WAY! NO FRIGGIN' WAY!
ENOUGH. WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.
PICK THAT UP, COLLECT THE OTHERS, AND FOLLOW ME.
YES, MASTER.
"YES, MASTER." HMM. THERE'S A REASON THE CLASSICS NEVER GO OUT OF STYLE.

THEY'RE HERE!
HALLELUJAH! I KNEW THIS DAY WOULD COME! I SAW THE SIGNS, WRITTEN IN BLOOD!
DO YOU HEAR THE SCREAMS, CHILDREN? THEY'RE COMING TO PURIFY US WITH THE FIRES OF HELL ITSELF!
WHOA. I THINK HE'S RIGHT.
HEY BUG, GET UP! WE'RE GETTING OUTTA HERE!
HUNH? WHAT ARE YOU GOING ON ABOUT?
SOMETHING *BAD* IS COMING OUR WAY! YOU CAN'T HEAR IT YET, BUT I CAN.
TRUST ME, IT'S A *DOG* THING.
AHA!
WHAT THE HELL IS *THAT?!*
WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE?
A HAND IN A PLASTIC PICKLE JAR.
ACTUALLY, BUG...

IN THE EVENT OF "FALLBACK SECURITY MEASURES"...
...IT'S A KEY.
BEEP
SO? YOU COMING OR WHAT?
RIGHT BEHIND YOU.
CASH, AARON CHIEF OF SECURITY ID#893-490
HANDPRINT CONFIRMED
I'M TELLIN' YOU, THE SYSTEM IS RUNNING ACCORDING TO SPEC!
WAIT! I THINK I'VE FOUND A GLITCH HERE.
I'M SHOWING THAT MR. CASH HAS *JUST* OPENED A CELL IN THE WEST WING...

...WITH HIS *LEFT* HAND.
SIR! TWO PRISONERS ARE OUT OF THEIR CELLS!
IT'S *DOODLEBUG* AND *JUNKYARD DOG!*
WHY ARE THEY ONLY ON *TWO* SCREENS?!
THAT'S MY HAND! THAT BASTARD HAS MY *HAND!*
THEY'RE ONLY ON TWO SCREENS BECAUSE SOMEONE TAMPERED WITH THE FEED!
THE MAIN GRID HAS BEEN PUT ON A LOOP!
TEK TEK
OUT OF MY WAY!

AAHHH!!
GET IT OFF!!
THE EAST WING! WHAT... WHAT *IS* THAT?!
MY EYES!
THERE HAS TO BE SOME LOGICAL EXPLANATION!
OH GOD!
HKKSS
TH-THAT AIN'T RIGHT.
BEEP
DR. CARVER, ANNE HEAD OF THERAPY ID#725-662
HANDPRINT CONFIRMED
OKAY, ANNE, WAVE GOODBYE TO THE NICE MAN.
SEE, THIS IS THE PART WHERE DR. CARVER'S FIVE-FINGER DISCOUNT GETS ME OUT THE BACK DOOR.
HAVE A NICE LIFE, "FISH."
W-W-WHAT? YOU'RE G-G-GONNA LET ME *LIVE?*
SURE, WARREN. PRETTY SOON YOU'LL BE OUT AGAIN.
JETTING TO THE CAYMANS, LICKING CAVIAR OFF THE THIGHS OF YOUNG COLLEGE INTERNS.
NO, WAIT. THAT'LL BE *ME.*

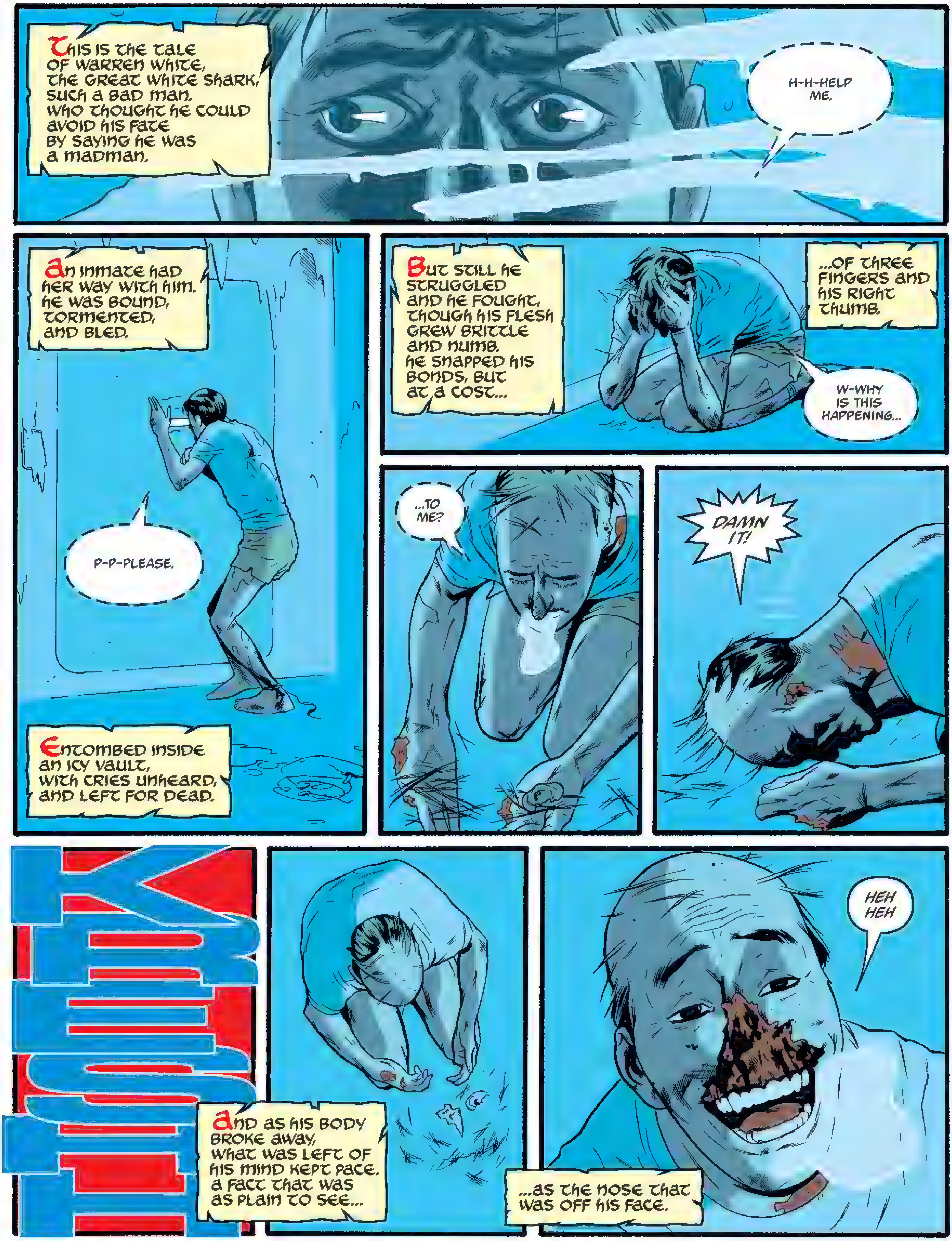
Y-Y-Y-YOU...
YES?
MR. FREE
BEEP
Y-Y-YOU'RE THE W-WORST PERSON I'VE EVER MET.
POOR, POOR WARREN. WHAT A WAY TO GO.
MIN MAX
FREEZING HIS ASSETS OFF.
HA! A FROZEN FISH.
MY BAD!
MR. FISH! PEEKABOO! I SEE YOU!
DUMPLER?!? WHAT'RE YOU DOING? LET GO!
MY DEAR MR. WHITE! YOU GAVE SUCH A FRIGHT! I DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO FIND YOU!
BUT NOW THAT I'M HERE, THERE'S NO NEED TO FEAR! FOR I WILL STAY RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
WAIT! NOT THIS WAY--
I... UM...
OH CRAP.
"A FEW MORE YARDS AND WE'RE HOME FREE! C'MON, SHAKE A LEG, BUG!"

CAN'T BELIEVE HOW LONG I'VE HELD OUT FOR THIS!
SNEAKING CASH'S HAND AWAY DURING THAT MESS WITH CROC.
SWIPING BRINE FROM THE KITCHEN TRASH TO KEEP IT FRESH.
WAITING FOR A BIG ENOUGH EMERGENCY SO THEY'D SWITCH THE SECURITY--
HEY!
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!
FINISHING MY MURAL.
ARE YOU *NUTS?!*
LET GO, DOG.
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT'LL BE BEFORE CASH AND THE OTHERS ARE ALL OVER US?!!
DROP IT, YOU IDIOT!
LOOK!
YOU'RE ALMOST OUT OF PAINT *ANYWAY!*
YOU'RE RIGHT.

DAMN! WHAT'S UP WITH *THAT?!*
ping
KUNCHH
SIT! NOW STAY! GOOD DOG.
HUKK AKK AKK--
I EVER TELL YOU I WAS A PAINTER HERE AT ARKHAM? NOT AN ARTIST, A CONTRACTOR.
SWAPP
MOST PEOPLE DON'T REMEMBER THAT. I MEAN, BACK THEN I WAS A NOBODY.
SO ONE DAY I'M PAINTING A WALL, THIS WALL, AND SUDDENLY IT COMES TO ME...
ALL THE PATTERNS. THE GRAND DESIGN.
I JUST KNEW IF I FOLLOWED IT, IT WOULD TAKE ME PLACES.
NEVER THOUGHT IT WOULD TAKE ME FULL CIRCLE.
NEVER DREAMT IT WOULD ALL COME TOGETHER *NOW.*

TELL THEM WHO YOU ARE. SHOW THEM YOUR BADGE.
SERGEANT HARVEY BULLOCK, GOTHAM CITY POLICE.
SERGEANT HARVEY BULLOCK, GOTHAM CITY POLICE.
THE POWER IS OUT. LINES CUT AS WELL.
THEY CAN'T SEE OR HEAR US.
STOP.
SERGEANT HARV--
WAIT HERE. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.
GONE, GONE O' FORM OF MAN...
AND RISE THE DEMON...
ETRIGAN!

Eric Powell '03


This is the tale of Warren White, the Great White Shark, such a bad man. Who thought he could avoid his fate by saying he was a madman.
H-H-HELP ME.
An inmate had her way with him. He was bound, tormented, and bled.
P-P-PLEASE.
Entombed inside an icy vault, with cries unheard, and left for dead.
But still he struggled and he fought, though his flesh grew brittle and numb. He snapped his bonds, but at a cost...
...of three fingers and his right thumb.
W-WHY IS THIS HAPPENING...
...TO ME?
DAMN IT!
And as his body broke away, what was left of his mind kept pace. A fact that was as plain to see...
...as the nose that was off his face.
HEH HEH

Chapter Six:

Rhyme & Reason

AND WHO AM I WHO TELLS THIS TALE? I AM THE DEMON *ETRIGAN,* WHO, IN THIS CLIME AN AGE AGO, HEAPED UP THIS *PRESENT* BLIGHT ON MAN.
SEVEN DEVILS, CALLED THE *SKARVA,* FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE LORDS OF HELL. AND THE TASK WAS GIVEN TO *ME* TO TRAP EACH IN A MORTAL SHELL.
I BORE THEM INTO MADMEN'S MINDS, TORE OUT THEIR TONGUES AS TO PREVENT ANY ATTEMPT TO CONJURE SPELLS, TO CRY FOR HELP, OR TO REPENT.
HKKKSSS
A MODERN MADMAN AIDS THEM NOW, AN ARTIST WHO FOLLOWS HIS "MUSE" AND TAPS INTO AN ARCANE MIGHT THAT HE IS MOST UNWISE TO USE!
I HAD A PLAN TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT, TO PUT EV'RY PIECE BACK IN PLACE, BUT FAR TOO SOON I LOST THE FIGHT...
TIED UP IN DEFEAT AND DISGRACE.
GRRR! SHOGGOTH SLIME?! A STICKY TRAP! I AM HELD AT BAY!
BUT DO NOT THINK THIS MEANS THAT YOU HAVE WON THE DAY!
ANY OF YOU KNOW THIS GUY? DIDN'T THINK SO. YET HE CRASHES MY OPENING.
WHAT'S IN THE BAG? SOMETHING TO SPOIL OUR FUN?

AH, QUITE THE CONTRARY. IT SEEMS OUR YELLOW FRIEND IS A GOOD *GUEST.*
HE BROUGHT *GIFTS.* I BELIEVE THESE BELONG TO YOU?
SHLURK
HWORF
SLUPP
AT LAST! AFTER YEARS OF HISSING LIKE CATS AND WAILING LIKE BABES...
I HAVE TONGUE ENOUGH IN MY HEAD TO *CURSE* YOU, ETRIGAN!
TONGUE ENOUGH TO CONJURE EVERY *SPEAKABLE* EVIL FROM THE *PITS!*
NO. NOT NOW. THAT WILL HAVE TO WAIT.
MORTAL, YOU PRESUME TOO MUCH--
CAREFUL. DON'T MAKE ME COME OVER THERE AND TAKE THAT TONGUE BACK.
REMEMBER, YOUR MASTER IS MY MUSE. AND HE'S SPEAKING THROUGH *ME!*
CTHUGHA IS HIS NAME.
YOU SHOULD LEARN IT WELL.
SO YOU'LL KNOW WHO TRICKED YOU, AS YOU BURN IN HELL.
A DEMON *AND* A POET?
MAYBE YOU'LL APPRECIATE WHAT WE'RE DOING HERE, MR. ETRIGAN.
WE'RE ABOUT TO PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON A MASTERPIECE.
BUT FIRST, I'LL NEED MORE *"PAINTS"* FOR MY PALETTE. GO!

THE MEN'S WARD, THE GUARDS, WHATEVER YOU CAN FIND.
HEED MY WORDS, YOU FOOLISH MORTAL, YOU SHOULD NOT DABBLE IN THESE ARTS. YOUR CANVAS? IT'S BUT A PORTAL, SKETCHED OUT IN PAINTS FROM SINNERS' HEARTS.
YOU SEEK TO RAISE FROM HELL'S DARK SIDE A DEVIL FROM THE GREATEST FALL, WHO SHARES WITH MAN THE SIN OF PRIDE. HE WILL PASS JUDGMENT ON US ALL!
"WE CAN'T HANG AROUND LIKE THIS, DUMPLER! WE GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!"
"OH NO, MR. FISH! WHEN REALLY BAD THINGS HAPPEN..."
DR. ARKHAM SAYS I SHOULD SIT IN THE CORNER LIKE A GOOD BOY.
AND WHEN IT'S OVER I GET A SURPRISE!
SO WHEN ALL THE OTHERS RUN AWAY, I STAY HERE. HAPPY, HEALTHY, AND WISE.
I DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS! LET GO!
SHPLPOP
GREAT! JUST GREAT! HAPPY NOW, YOU FAT FREAK?!
H-H-HE LOST HIS MITTEN...
MR. FISH! WAIT! YOU'RE FALLING APART!
I CAN PUT YOU BACK TOGETHER!
I CAN--
EEEEEEEE!!!

ELSEWHERE IN ARKHAM ASYLUM, THE SKARVA CONJURED WITH DARK SPELLS SPIRITS OF ALL RANK AND PHYLUM, TO HARVEST INMATES FROM THEIR CELLS.
THERE IS ONE LEFT HERE.
WHERE?
TRAPPED IN THE BOX BEHIND YOU. BRING HIM TO US.
HOW WILL I FIND YOU?
FOLLOW THE SCREAMS.
YOU SHOULD ENJOY THIS.
THIS IS THE MAN WHO WRONGED YOU IN YOUR PAST LIFE.
WHITE.
MR. FREEZE
WARREN WHITE! YOU BACK-STABBING WEASEL!
PANGG!
YOU LEFT ME HANGING! YOU TOOK EVERYTHING FROM ME! MY JOB! MY REPUTATION! MY LIFE!
DO YOU EVEN REMEMBER ME?!
BY GOD, YOU'LL REMEMBER ME NOW! I'M RICH MILTON, THE MAN WHO'S TAKING YOU STRAIGHT TO HELL!
TOO LATE. BEEN THERE, DONE THAT.
AND I DO REMEMBER YOU.
YOU WERE WEAK! YOU COULDN'T TAKE IT! SO YOU TOOK YOUR OWN LIFE!
HEY! HOW ARE YOU DOING THA--
POKE
TRUST ME, MILT. IF I WANTED TO KILL YOU, IT'D LOOK LIKE...
AKK
THIS!
TUNK
"GENTLEMEN, THIS IS NO TIME TO GO LOSING OUR HEADS..."
HEH.

WE HAVE TO REMAIN CALM.
KEEP OUR WITS ABOUT US.
THE LINE'S *DEAD!* WHAT'RE WE GONNA DO?!
THEY'RE RIGHT *OUTSIDE!*
I'M ON IT. GONNA DO SOME RECON.
SEE IF I CAN REACH THE BACKUP GENERATORS. OR MAYBE JURY-RIG THE BAT-SIGNAL ON THE ROOF.
A SOUND PLAN, MR. CASH. BUT BE CAREFUL.
IF THE VENTS HAVE BEEN COMPROMISED...
...YOU WON'T HAVE MUCH ROOM TO MANEUVER.
IN THE MEANTIME...
DO ANY OF YOU MEN HAVE A CELL PHONE?
UM... YEAH.
IDIOTS.
COLONEL EVENELLA HERE. DR. ARKHAM? HOW CAN I --
HIGH ALERT AT THE ASYLUM?
COLONEL EVENELLA?
GOTHAM NATIONAL GUARD
COLONEL *ALLEN* EVENELLA?
WE'LL MOBILIZE THE TROOPS RIGHT AWAY!
ONE SECOND.

WHAT?! YOU BETTER HAVE A DAMN GOOD REASON FOR INTERRUPTING THIS CALL, SON!
Nora Baron ✓
Ken Daladnek ✓
Al anella
DARN TOOTIN'.
YOU'RE ON MY LIST.
BOOM!
TA DA! SO LIVE IT UP, AL. 'CAUSE THIS IS IT...
HA HA HA HA HA HA
YOUR 15 MINUTES OF FAME! YOUR TIME TO SHINE! YOUR MOMENT IN THE...
SKKREEEEEEEEEEE
...SPOTLIGHT?!
KTAMM

ERRRT
FWAKK
SIR?! I THINK WE SHOULD EXCHANGE INFORMAYSHUNN...
EH HEH... UNH--
ARR AARK HA HA HA
YOU'RE A LUCKY MAN, COLONEL. LUCKY THAT THE JOKER WAS COMMITTING HIS PALINDROME CRIMES IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER.
NOW TRY NOT TO MOVE. THAT WILL JUST SPEED THE TOXIN THROUGH YOUR SYSTEM.
PLEASE CALM DOWN, SIR. IT CAN WAIT. HERE, THIS SHOULD SEDATE YOU FOR A WHILE...
N-N-NO! ARRK ARK HA HA HA--
...
Our call to arms in laughter drowned.
Hope from outside died with a grin.
There were no heroes to be found.
Unless a savior lay within?
BEAUTIFUL, ISN'T IT? BUT SADLY, THIS NEXT PART...
THIS IS THE HARDEST ASPECT OF CREATING A WORK OF ART...SACRIFICE.
FWOOSH
ME! SACRIFICE ME!

THAT IS MY *DIVINE* PURPOSE! I AM TO BE THE FIRST OFFERING! MY EYES ARE OPEN AND I SEE THE *LIGHT!*
AMEN, DEATHRATTLE! COME! COME AND TAKE YOUR PLACE IN THE GRAND DESIGN.
THEY CALLED MY RELIGION A CULT! SAID I WAS MAD! BUT SEE, CHILDREN?!
I WAS RIGHT! BEHOLD THE TRUTH! YOU UNDERSTAND NOW, DON'T YOU, MOLLY?
OF COURSE, FATHER RAYNE. NOW JOIN US. STEP INTO THE LIGHT.
AH! THE GLORY AND THE RAPTURE AWAIT!
AAAHHH!
GOOD RIDDANCE, YOU CRAZY BASTARD.
SO? ANY MORE VOLUNTEERS?
OVER HERE, DOODLEGUG! PICK ME!
HUH?! WHAT WUZ THAT?!
HEY! GET OFF! THAT WUZN'T ME! I DIDN'T SAY NUTHIN'!!
HA! TAKE THAT, YA GIG APE!
YEAH, LUNKHEAD! THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR MESSING WITH MR. SCARFACE!
NO! I DIDN'T SAY NUTHIN'! I DIDN'T--
HYARRR
YES. I CAN FEEL THE POWER RAGING.
IT WON'T BE LONG. SO?...

"WHO'S NEXT?"
JESUS!
WHAT *ARE* THOSE THINGS?! WHY ARE THEY AFTER ME?!
HEY! I KNOW *THAT* VOICE!
AHH!
HEY! YOU'RE ME! OR MAYBE I WAS YOU?
SEE, YOU'RE THE FISH. I'M THE SHARK! *GRR!* CHOMP CHOMP.
HEH HEH.
GET AWAY FROM ME!!
JANE DOE! YOU'LL PAY FOR WHAT YOU DONE TO US!!
YOU'RE IN FOR A WORLD O' HURT, NUTJOB!
GET HER! TEAR HER FACE RIGHT OFF HER HEAD!
OH, I GET IT! YOU'RE ALL THE PEOPLE SHE'S KILLED. MAKES PERFECT SENSE.
SHE WENT THAT-A-WAY. SAVE ME A SPOT. LOST LOTS OF BLOOD, MIGHT BE JOINING YOU SHORTLY.
CLANG
BLAST IT!
MR. CASH? AARON?
HEH. I SAW JANE. I SAW JANE RUN. Y'KNOW WHO'D GET A KICK OUT OF THAT?
HUMPTY DUMPTY!
WORTHLESS LUMP! UNGRATEFUL CHILD!
I'LL LEARN YOU TO CHOP UP YOUR GRANNY! LEARN YOU GOOD!

HEY, HUMPTY! YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT I JUST--
SHUT UP! HE CAN'T SEE NOBODY! HE'S BEEN A *BAD* BOY!
EXCUSE ME, LADY...
POIK
...BUT I WAS *TALKING* TO MY CELLMATE HERE.
POK POK POK
GRANNY! SHE'S FALLING APART AGAIN! *NO!*
OH, SUCK IT UP, YOU MOMMA'S BOY.
SNIFF SNIFF. M-M-MR. FISH? IS THAT YOU? OH MY!
YOU'RE ALL IN *PIECES!* WE GOTTA PUT YOU BACK TOGETHER *RIGHT AWAY!*
NO. I'M FINE, HUMPTY. REALLY.
SEE, SOMETIMES WHEN YOU BREAK SOMETHING, YOU MAKE IT *BETTER.*
Y'KNOW... *"CAN'T MAKE AN OMELET...!"*
"WITHOUT BREAKING SOME EGGS"?
THAT'S RIGHT. GOOD BOY, HUMPHRY. NOW COME WITH ME.
W-WHERE ARE WE GOING, MR. FISH?
WHERE ALL SHARKS GO. TO THE ACTION.
WHERE EVERYBODY'S THRASHING, KICKING AND SCREAMING.
THE EAST WING? BUT THAT'S...
NOT YOUR PROBLEM. YOUR TEAM'S COUNTING ON YOU!
AARON...
FOLLOW THEM, AARON. IT'S THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN SAVE THEM ALL...
THAT VOICE...
ANNE?
MR. FISH? I-I DON'T WANT TO GO IN THERE. I'M SCARED.
OF COURSE YOU ARE, BOY. YOU'D BE *CRAZY* IF YOU WEREN'T.

NOW BE GOOD AND HUSH-A-BYE, BABY.
B-B-BUT MR. FISH, WHY ARE WE HERE...
BECAUSE I WANT--SCRATCH THAT--I *NEED* TO MAKE SENSE OF ALL THIS.
I GOTTA EXAMINE ALL THE PIECES.
AND PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER?
EXACTLY.
LOOK, MR. FISH! THEY'VE GOT THE GUARDS! AND DR. ARKHAM!
I SEE THAT. AND ONE MORE THING, HUMPTY, THE NAME'S NOT FISH.
"IT'S *SHARK.*"
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?! I DEMAND THAT YOU RELEASE ME!
WHEN I FIND OUT WHO'S BEHIND THIS, THERE'LL BE HELL TO PAY!
HEH. GOOD ONE.
SO, YOU WANT TO SPEAK TO THE GUY IN CHARGE?
NO, YOU IDIOT! BECAUSE THAT WOULD BE *ME!* AND I--
ARRH
SLITCHH
NO, DOC. I'M THE BIG GUY HERE. EVER SINCE I STARTED MY MASTERPIECE.
I'M THE ARTIST AND EVERYTHING ELSE IS MY CANVAS.
FROM THE BUILDINGS OF GOTHAM TO THE WALLS OF THIS ASYLUM.
AND WITH THIS *LAST* FINISHING TOUCH, MY WORK IS COMPLETED.
AND FINALLY, I'LL BE ABLE TO STEP BACK, GAZE UPON IT...
AND SEE THE BIG PICTURE!
ha ha ha ha!

An artist separate from his work? Oh, where should I begin?
Or did you forget the patterns you placed on your own skin?
W-WHAT?! MY TATTOOS?!
AAII!
SPLOOTCH
Stupid fool! I warned him his art was just a *gate.* But did I fail to mention he would share its fate?
Who dares summon forth *Cthugha,* the arbiter of *hell?!!*
Why, look, 'tis the Skarva. I should have recognized the *smell!*
Forgive us, great lord. We tricked a mortal into bringing you here.
And, in your honor, we had him douse the city with the blood of the proud.
All we ask is that you take us ba--
Silence, you worms, and stop all your squeaking!
I can't understand a word you're speaking!
He's a rhymer, you dolt! Speak in rhyme!
I can't!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MY DEAR SKARVA? CAT GOT YOUR *TONGUE?*
OR MAYBE LET IT *SOAK* IN JARS OF DEMON *DUNG?*
SEEMS YOU DEVILS NEED AN ADVOCATE. HOW 'BOUT ME?
I COULD STATE YOUR CASE IN RHYME. FOR A MODEST FEE.
HA HA HA!
OUR TONGUES ENSORCELLED! WE ARE AT HIS *MERCY!*
AND OUR MASTER WILL ONLY *REMAIN* ON THIS PLANE...
...AS LONG AS WE FEED HIM *SOULS.* HOW LONG TILL WE RUN OUT?!
I CAN NOT STAY ANOTHER CENTURY IN THIS PLACE!
AND YOU THINK I CAN?!!
EXCUSE ME! HI THERE! MAYBE I CAN BE OF SERVICE?
ONE OF THE MADMEN? HOW DID HE BREAK FREE?
TOSS HIM INTO THE PIT.
WARREN WHITE. WHITE WORLD MEGA CORP. OVERHEARD YOUR PROBLEM. THOUGHT I COULD HELP.
YOU WOULD PLEAD OUR CASE? WHY?!!
HEY, YOU'RE A DEVIL. LOOK INTO MY SOUL. WHATCHA SEE?
THE WORST MAN I'VE EVER MET.
COR-RECT! AND WHEN I DIE, I GET A STRONG FEELING I'LL BE RELOCATED TO YOUR NECK A'THE WOODS.
"SO ALL I'M SAYING IS... I DO *THIS* FOR *YOU,* LATER ON YOU GO A LITTLE EASY ON *ME.*"
DEAL?
DEAL.

ALLRIGHTEE. BUT BEFORE WE CAN GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, I'M GONNA NEED SOME HELP FROM THE PEANUT GALLERY.
HEY HUMPTY, WADDLE OVER HERE AND GIVE A GUY A HAND.
YOU N-N-NEED ME, MR. FI -- *UM...* MR. SHARK?
SURE. THIS TRANSACTION REQUIRES THE SKILL OF SOMEBODY WHO SPEAKS GOOD RHYME-TO-ENGLISH...
SKLUTCH
"...AND THAT MAKES *YOU* THE MAN FOR THE JOB."
UN-FREAKIN'-BELIEVABLE. THIS IS *SO* OVER MY HEAD.
TO HELL WITH BATMAN. THIS'S A JOB FOR SUPERMAN...
...OR A PRIEST.
NO, AARON.
YOU'LL DO JUST FINE. YOU ALWAYS HAVE.
ANNE!?! BUT I CAN--
YOU'RE *HERE!* AND I CAN *FEEL* YOU! HOW IS THIS...?
THERE'S NO TIME TO EXPLAIN. MY TIME IS SHORT.
I WAS BROUGHT BACK HERE IN THE NAME OF VENGEANCE.
BUT THANKS TO YOU, I WAS REMINDED OF SOMETHING FAR MORE IMPORTANT...
"A SENSE OF DUTY. TO THIS PLACE, AND TO THOSE MEN."
SAVE THEM, AARON. THEIR FATE IS IN YOUR *HANDS.*
ANNE! DON'T GO! THERE'S SO MUCH I WANT TO--
YOU *WERE* THERE FOR ME, AARON. BE THERE FOR THEM...
SPEAK! THE HANDS OF TIME GIVE CHASE! QUICKLY, MORTALS, STATE YOUR CASE!
*UM...*HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN, JIGGITY JIG. SO THEY CAN GO BUTCHER PIG AFTER PIG...

The master's form wavers! Stoke the fires with another soul!
Get your *DAMN HANDS* off him! C'mon! You and me, you mangy sack a'bones!
You heard me! I'll kick the living hell outta your wrinkled behind!
Another human? One we missed? No matter--
Wait!
There is something different with this one! I can sense it!
A champion! Block his path!
Fine! The souls of the innocent burn longer, those of the guilty are of no more use!
Bend them to our will!
"Give our 'champion' a test of his mettle!"
From shoggoth slime, like cocoons, waves of madmen were reborn
Twisted into monstrous forms! Our last hope seemed quite forlorn!

But not to this brave jailer who with fury faced the tide!
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDIN' ME!
PANG!
THWOK
As Cthugha weighed the case that the shark and Humpty tried.
I thank you, for speaking *spells* aloud...
That free *monsters* from this slimy shroud!
SNAKT
White and the egg man worked fast...
Ha ha ha!
The mortal fast approaches! What shall we do?
Not to worry. Look into his soul. I know what he's afraid of.
With wit and fairy tale rhyme.

But the arbiter of hell? He was running out of time.
JEREMIAH! NO!!
Into the pits with you!
So with the last spell the Skarva would make while upon this earthly plane
They transformed the fiend who could freeze the blood in the jailer's every vein.
But the stakes were high and his duty clear. So he reached down deep inside.
Where he found the strength to clear the beast's maw
And tear a piece off its hide
UM... AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
THE END.

WUMP
HOLD ON, SIR! I'VE GOT YOU!
AAA!!!
DR. ARKHAM, ARE YOU OKAY?
OF COURSE, MR. CASH.
I WAS CERTAIN YOU HAD EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL.
CTHUGHA! HE'S LEAVING US!
HURRY! WE MUST OFFER UP ANOTHER SOUL--
A BARGAIN HAS BEEN STRUCK. THE TERMS? THEY WILL SUFFICE.
MY CHILDREN MAY RETURN AT OUR AGREED-ON PRICE.
PRICE?! WHAT PRICE?! HELL AND DAMNATION!
OUR ATTENTIONS WERE DIVERTED! MORTAL, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?!
GOT YOU YOUR OLD JOBS BACK. YOU WANT 'EM OR NOT?
C'MON, ONE-TIME OFFER. TIME'S RUNNING OUT. TIC TOC.
...
YES! YES! WE AGREE!
FWASH
AAAHHHH

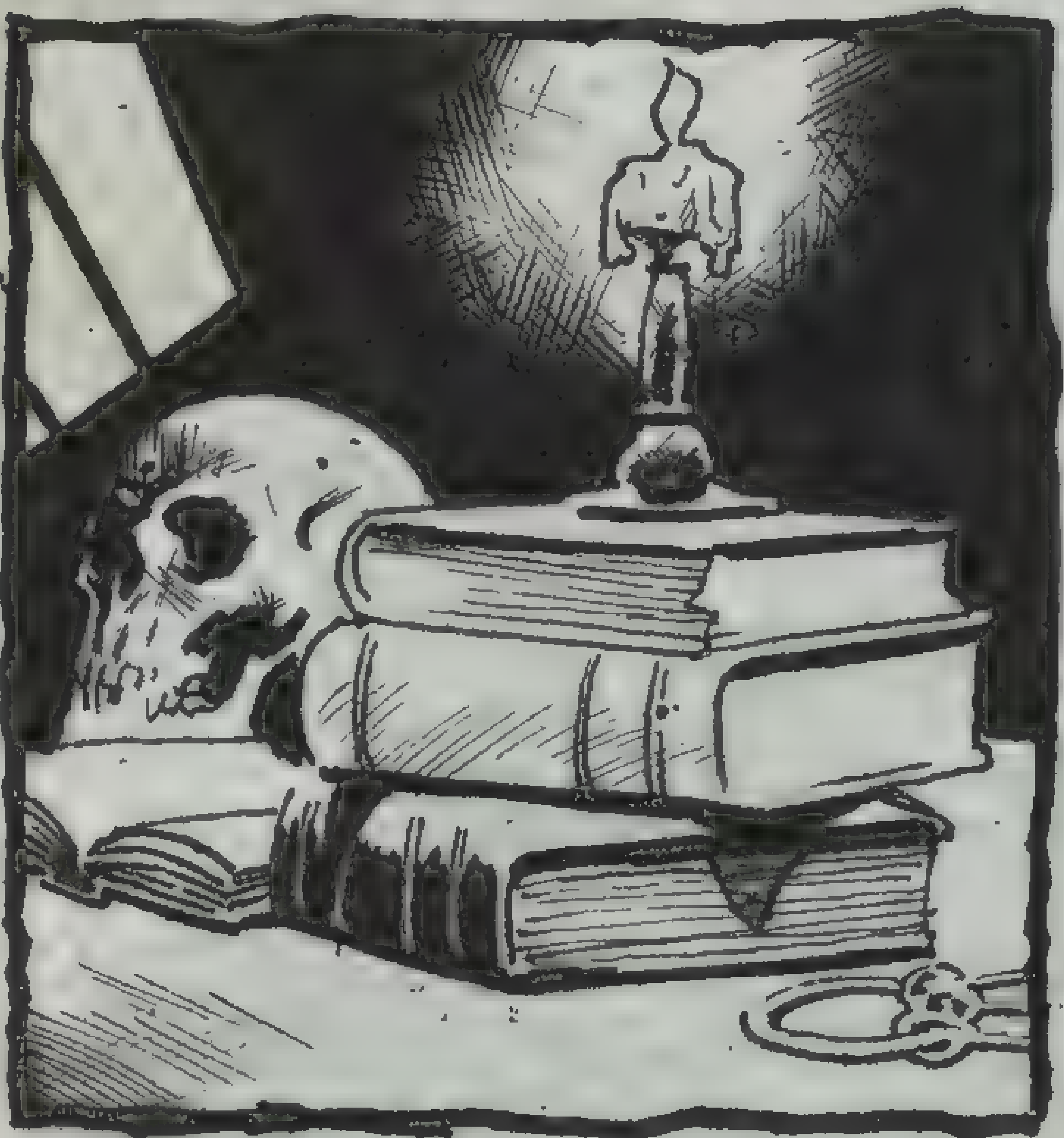
THEY WENT WEE-WEE-WEE ALL THE WAY HOME?
THAT'S WHAT THEY WANTED. TO GET OUTTA HERE. TO GO HOME. TO TORTURE.
SHAME THEY DIDN'T CATCH MY LAST-MINUTE LOOPHOLE.
GOING ROUND AND ROUND THE MULBERRY BUSH?
YEP. THEY'LL BE THE TORTURE LORDS OF HELL AGAIN...TORTURING EACH *OTHER.*
HEH. ONE BIG, LONG, LOOPING CONGA LINE OF PAIN. I'M SURE THEY DESERVED IT.
REALLY, WHITE? FOR I FIND ONE *FACT* HAS BEEN OMITTED.
AT NO TIME HAD YOU ASKED WHAT *CRIME* THEY HAD COMMITTED.
WHAT MAD *ACTS* MUST DEMONS MAKE, FOR HELL TO SEND THEM *HERE?*
WAK
KINDNESS, MERCY, CHARITY, A SYMPATHETIC TEAR.
YOU SEE, IN THE SKARVA'S PIT, THEY TORTURED THOSE WITH PRIDE. A SIN EV'RY DEVIL SHARES, WHO FOUGHT AT SATAN'S SIDE.
AND FOR THE BRIEFEST MISSTEP IN THEIR ETERNAL STRIDE... THEY TOOK PITY ON THE SOULS THEY TORMENTED ...AND CRIED.
SUCKERS.
THAT'S TRUE. BUT YOU?
WHY WOULD *YOU* RISK DEALING WITH A DEMON? TO SAVE THE OTHERS? NO, YOU WERE SCHEMIN'!
SAVE THEM?! SCREW THAT. THAT DEAL LANDED ME A HELL OF A JOB.
ALL THOSE FREAKS HAVE BEEN STICKIN' IT TO ME SINCE I GOT HERE. BUT IN THE HEREAFTER? *I'LL* BE THE GUY STICKIN' IT TO *THEM!*
GUILE AND STYLE. YOU'LL DO WELL. KEEP IN TOUCH. I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL.

And with a firm pact made, all the spirits did fade, and so the living hell was concluded.
EMERGENCY EXIT
RIP HER APART!
TEAR HER TO SHREDS!
RIP THE SKIN FROM HER BONES!
Yet the sane and deranged...
I-I-I'M SORRY. I'M...
Both remained quite unchanged, because mortals can be SO deluded.
WHAT'S GOING ON? WHERE DID THEY..?
DON'T THINK ABOUT IT, JANE. C'MON, GET UP! ON YOUR FEET, GIRL!
JUST GET OUT! THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TIME TO FIGURE THIS OUT...
...ONCE YOU'RE OUTSIDE! WITH A NEW FACE! A NEW LIFE!
EMERGENCY EXIT
HANDPRINT RECOGNIZED, DR. CARVER. PLEASE STAND BY FOR RETINAL SCAN.
RECOGNIZED. PLEASE STAND BY FOR VOICE PRINT IDENTIFICATION.
CLICK
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?! STOP! PLEASE! DEAR GOD! ARRRRRGHHH!
RECOGNIZED.

EMERGENCY EXIT ACTIVATED.
EMERGENCY EX
AND DENIED!
SMAKK
EMERGENCY EXI
JIM'S RIGHT. IT'S JUST ONE BIG REVOLVING DOOR.
...SO HOW MANY *THIS* TIME?
ONE GUARD AND ONE INMATE DEAD. AND, AFTER YOUR WEEKLY "DROP-OFF," FOUR REMAIN UNACCOUNTED FOR.
ALL ESCAPES?
THREE WERE *SUPPOSEDLY* KILLED BY DEVILS AND HELLFIRE.
UNLIKELY. DR. CRANE MUST HAVE SLIPPED SOME CHEMICALS INTO YOUR VENT SYSTEM.
OF COURSE. SCARECROW'S FEAR GAS. THAT MAKES PERFECT SENSE.
SECURITY, HAVE DR. CRANE PUT IN THE HOLE...
"...FOR THREE MONTHS."
WHAT?!!
IN THE LIGHT OF DAY, *"REASON"* WINS OUT, CHASING ALL THOUGHTS OF DEMONS AWAY.
EVEN MY OWN *PERSONAL* DEMON HAS SOUGHT REFUGE...
...INSIDE ME, HIS HUMAN HOST.
MR. BLOOD? WHAT'S GOIN' ON? WE GET THE BAD GUY?
SNAP
YES, SERGEANT BULLOCK. NOW LET'S GO HOME.
SO? WHO WAS IT?!
THE SCARECROW. WE'RE BLAMING IT ALL ON THE SCARECROW.
IF YOU SAY SO.
I DO.

A FEW MORTAL MINDS NEED TIME TO ADJUST. SOME REQUIRE WEEKS. OTHERS MONTHS.
DON'T THINK I'M READY, MR. CASH. TO GO BACK THERE...
I MEAN, I KNOW IT WAS ALL JUST FEAR GAS, BUT...
GREG, IT'S UP TO YOU, MAN. WAY I SEE IT, YOU CAN SIT THERE AND BE A CRIPPLE.
OR COME BACK TO A PLACE WHERE IT'S ALL RIGHT TO CRIPPLE OTHERS.
C'MON, NEXT ROUND'S ON ME. I'M BUYING.
NICE WALLET. WHAT IS THAT? ALLIGATOR?
AND SOMETIMES, THEY COME THROUGH THE ORDEAL BETTER...
OR, HEAVEN HELP US, EVEN STRONGER.
SO, WHEN I GET OUT, IT'LL BE WAITING FOR ME?
A HELICOPTER IN THE SHAPE OF A QUESTION MARK?
YES. IN RETURN FOR THIRTY PERCENT OF THE TAKE.
UM... SHARK, SHOULD WE BE TALKING LIKE THIS IN FRONT OF THE GUARDS?
IT'S OKAY, RIDDLER. MR. BRADLEY AND MR. FELCHER WORK FOR ME. NOW SHUSH...
IN A ROW! IN A ROW! THE GREAT WHITE SHARK SEES HIS PIECES ALL IN A ROW!
...I WANT TO CHECK OUT MY NEW "CLIENTS."
TWO-FACE. FREEZE...
AND, HEY...
WHO'S THE NEW FISH?
THE END

BATMAN: ARKHAM ASYLUM LIVING HELL
SERIES NOTES BY DAN SLOTT
SKETCHES BY RYAN SOOK



FROM THE LIBRARY AT ARKHAM

ARKHAM
SERIES PROPOSAL
DAN SLOTT
4/8/02

HIGH CONCEPT

OZ in the DC Universe, by way of Arkham Asylum. Stories unfold in an ASTRO CITY-style fashion, focusing on one inmate or staff member, while building towards larger story arcs. Individual issues play out as tales of psychological horror, ending with TWILIGHT ZONE-style twist endings.

This is NOT a super-hero book. It is a horror title set in the scariest corner of the DCU.

CAST

To avoid conflicts with the core Bat books, big name villains and heroes are relegated to cameos and guest-star appearances.

The cast of "regulars" would be made up of Arkham staff and lesser known Bat-villains, and a core group of inmates created just for this series. These would be bad-guys that Batman caught off-panel YEARS ago, and have turned into Arkham Asylum "lifers."

Chief among these are:

JANE DOE

A female serial killer and master of disguise. A cipher with an empty, meaningless life, Jane would "steal" the lives of others. After meticulously studying a target, she'd kill them, take their place, and live their life-- without any of her victim's friends or family being any the wiser!

When THAT life failed to make her feel complete, she'd soon set her sights on another... And the cycle would begin again.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

Hubert Dempsey was a man whose life was plagued by a horrible string of random disasters. Bad luck had taken away everything he ever cared about: loved ones, careers, and even pets. One day he just snapped. Determined to figure out WHY things happen the way they do, he became obsessed with breaking things down and putting them back together...

...and since he couldn't put things back together JUST right, horrible accidents would occur, accidents that would make him one of the worst scourges of Gotham city.

THE JUNKYARD DOG

Van Paulson was one of Gotham's sleaziest gossip columnists. He would literally go through celebrities' trash to ferret out any secrets or scoops. When a competing columnist caught one of his "trash hunts" on tape and aired it on a prime time show, Paulson became the biggest joke in Gotham.

Over the years though, he'd found an impressive amount of swag in Gotham's waste-- some of Penguin's old trick umbrellas, vials of unused Joker toxin, and damaged batarangs-- just to name a few. Armed with a scrounged up arsenal, Paulson set himself up as the Junkyard Dog-- a villain who could dig up dirt for blackmail and a penchant for finding the treasures we all throw away.

DOODLEBUG

A third-rate artist who has turned graffiti into his life's work. Laughed out of Gotham's art galleries, his only venue for fame and notoriety is to deface the art and hard work of others. Doodlebug doesn't just "tag" any old store window or back alley wall-- he scrawls on a super-human level, threatening only the most important works of art and major city monuments.

DEATH RATTLE

A self-proclaimed medium and psychic, Death Rattle claims that he's in constant communication with the dead. He says that THEY are the ones who plan his criminal schemes and urge him to commit grizzly acts. But he's just crazy... right?

And, most importantly, FISH

Fish is the closest thing this series has to a "protagonist." He's the newest inmate at Arkham Asylum, and as he learns new things and meets new characters, so do we. And, like the reader, he is perfectly sane.

Warren White, nick-named "The Great White Shark," is one of the wealthiest men in Gotham, giving even Bruce Wayne a run for his money. But unlike Wayne, White has come by his fortune through the most dishonest of means. With white-collar criminal acts, White "Enronned" his own company, leaving thousands of "little guys" to fend for themselves.

When criminal charges were filed against him, White was able to side-step a prison term by using the best legal counsel money could buy. He was able to successfully lobby for a verdict of "criminal insanity." Now all his ill-gotten gains will be waiting for him once he cake-walks his way through a light stretch in a sanitarium...

Idiot. There's a reason you don't cop to an insanity plea in Gotham! Now he's going to a place where you have to shower with the Joker. On the outside, he was the "Great White Shark." In Arkham he's just the "New Fish."

FIRST 6-ISSUE ARC: LIVING HELL

"Crazy Like a Fish"

In the first issue, White comes to Arkham and becomes the "New Fish." His life is a living hell, surrounded by lunatics and fearing for his life. His only oasis in this madhouse is his one-on-one therapy time with Arkham's top shrink, Dr. Joan Leland.

Over time his visitors dwindle down to ONE, as Fish realizes that the outside world has given up on him. And that one visitor is Bruce Wayne, one of Fish's old pals from the country club. As the story progresses though, we'll discover that Bruce is really there to secretly do some detective work...

At the end of the issue, Batman bursts in to one of Fish's therapy sessions. Fish is terrified-- as scary as anything is in Arkham, nothing prepares him for the shock that is Batman! And what makes things even worse, Batman is there to take down Dr. Leland-- or rather Jane Doe!

Jane had killed off Dr. Leland weeks ago and had taken her place, freely leaving and coming back to Arkham on a regular basis. All this time Fish had been consoling with a psychotic serial killer! And to make matters worse, she was secretly studying him so she could kill him, take his place on the outside, and steal his millions!

"Many Final Words"

Death Rattle has Fish convinced that he really CAN speak with the dead. He reveals all kinds of secrets that Fish has kept buried for years. In the end, Humpty Dumpty puts all the pieces together, figuring out that Junkyard Dog had been feeding Death Rattle information from Fish's discarded correspondences. As bleak as things have gotten for Fish, there may be one bright spot-- he might have found a new ally in the freakish Humpty Dumpty...

In one final scene, however, we question Death Rattle's status. Maybe he CAN speak to the dead... And maybe there's more going on in Arkham than we first thought... something horrible and maybe even supernatural...

"Back Together Again"

As Fish and Humpty get to know each other better, Humpty tells Fish the story of who he is, how he got this way, and the time when Batgirl (Barbara Gordon) caught him and brought him to Arkham many-many years ago...

By the end of the tale, Fish is horrified to discover that Humpty had tried to take his Grandmother apart and put her back together again— and that she didn't work at all after that.

That's when Fish realizes that his only ally in Arkham is one of the sickest nutjobs on the face of the Earth.

"Blood on the Floor"

Things get creepier as a new inmate is brought into Arkham: a man named Jason Blood who is convinced he's possessed by demons. (A true master of the occult, he's really there to investigate some strange occurrences he's detected on nearby mystical planes). As the issue progresses, we'll learn of hidden sub-levels of Arkham, areas that were used to "whip, burn, and drill the devil out of the afflicted" in times long ago.

Eventually Blood discovers that Death Rattle really IS speaking to the dead, and that Doodlebug's graffiti is actually symbols for a summoning spell. Blood turns into his alter-ego, The Demon, but it is too late. With the spell completed, Hell has opened up and set root in Arkham....

To make matters worse, Jane Doe is missing again. She could be anywhere... or anyone.

"Touched By Demons"

In an anthology of horror tales, different Arkhamites suffer ironic punishments in a Hell On Earth.

When demons come to claim Fish for his turn, we discover that the person they THOUGHT was Fish is actually Jane Doe.

The real Fish has escaped, and using some of Doodlebug's paints, has converted one of the Arkham searchlights into a crude, makeshift Bat-Signal. It's time to call in the cavalry!

"Bat into Hell"

Big wrap-up as Batman and the Demon fight the forces of Hell, restoring order (if you can call it that) back to Arkham.

In the meantime, watching Batman in action-- using all of his hi-tech gizmos and costly gadgets, Fish realizes that he has a "super power;" vast resources that he hasn't been drawing on! He's rich! Loaded! Disgustingly well off!

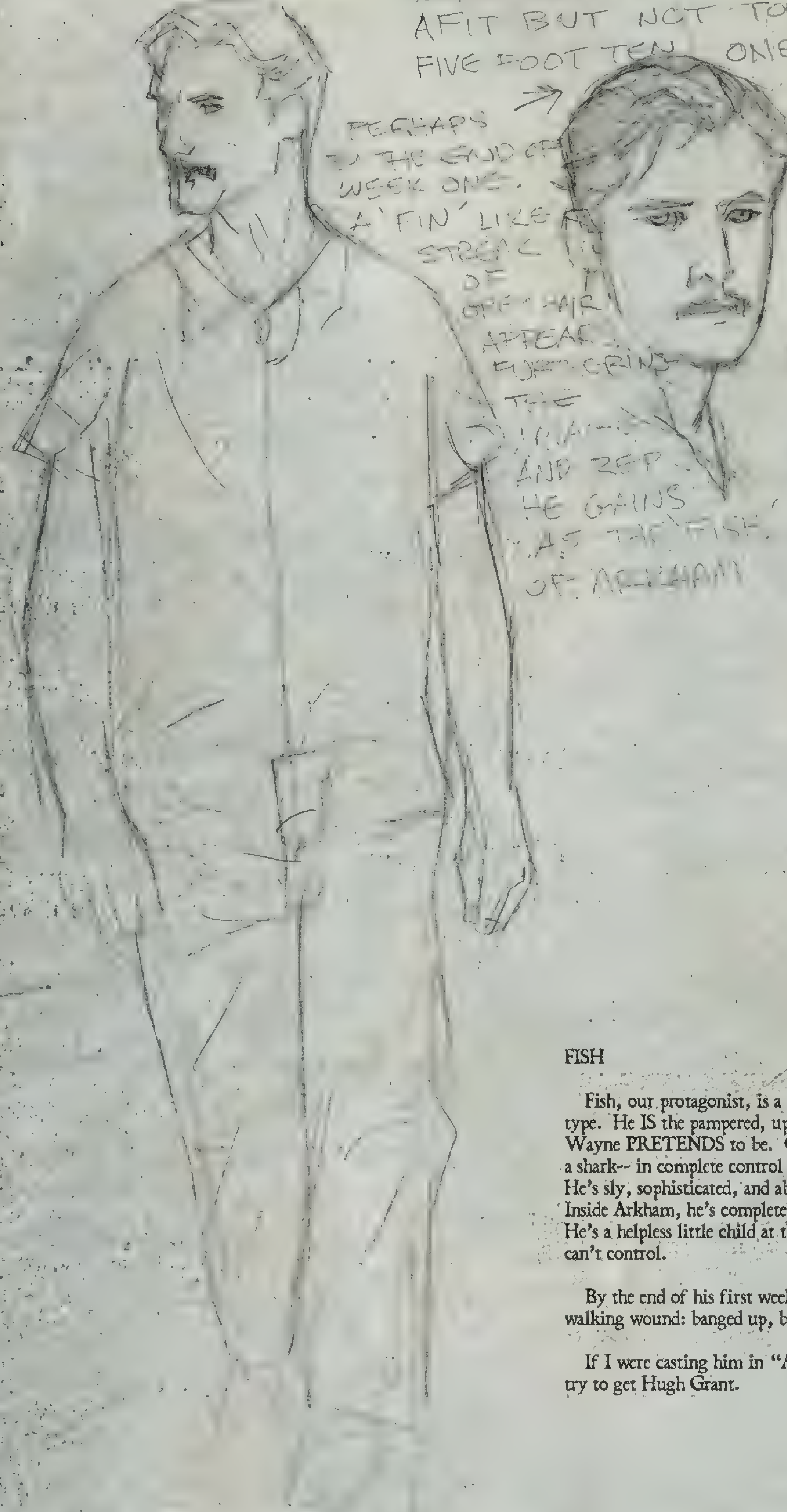
By the end of the episode, he's made his peace with the rest of the inmates. He's not a "fish" anymore, he's "the money guy." If they cut him in for a small piece of the take, he'll have his contacts set them up on the outside. Need a car with a giant Joker head on the front? A giant two-headed coin? Helicopter shaped like a question-mark? Well then, he's their guy!

"You know," Humpty tells him off to the side, "By the time YOU get out of here, there probably won't be anything left."

Fish tells him that after all the crazy he's seen here on the inside, he doesn't think he'll ever be sane again! So who's gonna let HIM out?!

FISH –

A REAL PIECE OF WHITE BREAD. A FIT BUT NOT TOUGH FIVE FOOT TEN ONE HUNDRED SIXTY FIVE POUNDS.



PERHAPS BY THE END OF WEEK ONE. A 'FIN' LIKE STREAK [illegible] OF [illegible] OF HAIR APPEARS FURTHERING THE [illegible] AND REP HE GAINS AS THE 'FISH' OF ARKHAM

← SANDY BLONDE HAIR AND LIGHT BLUE [illegible]

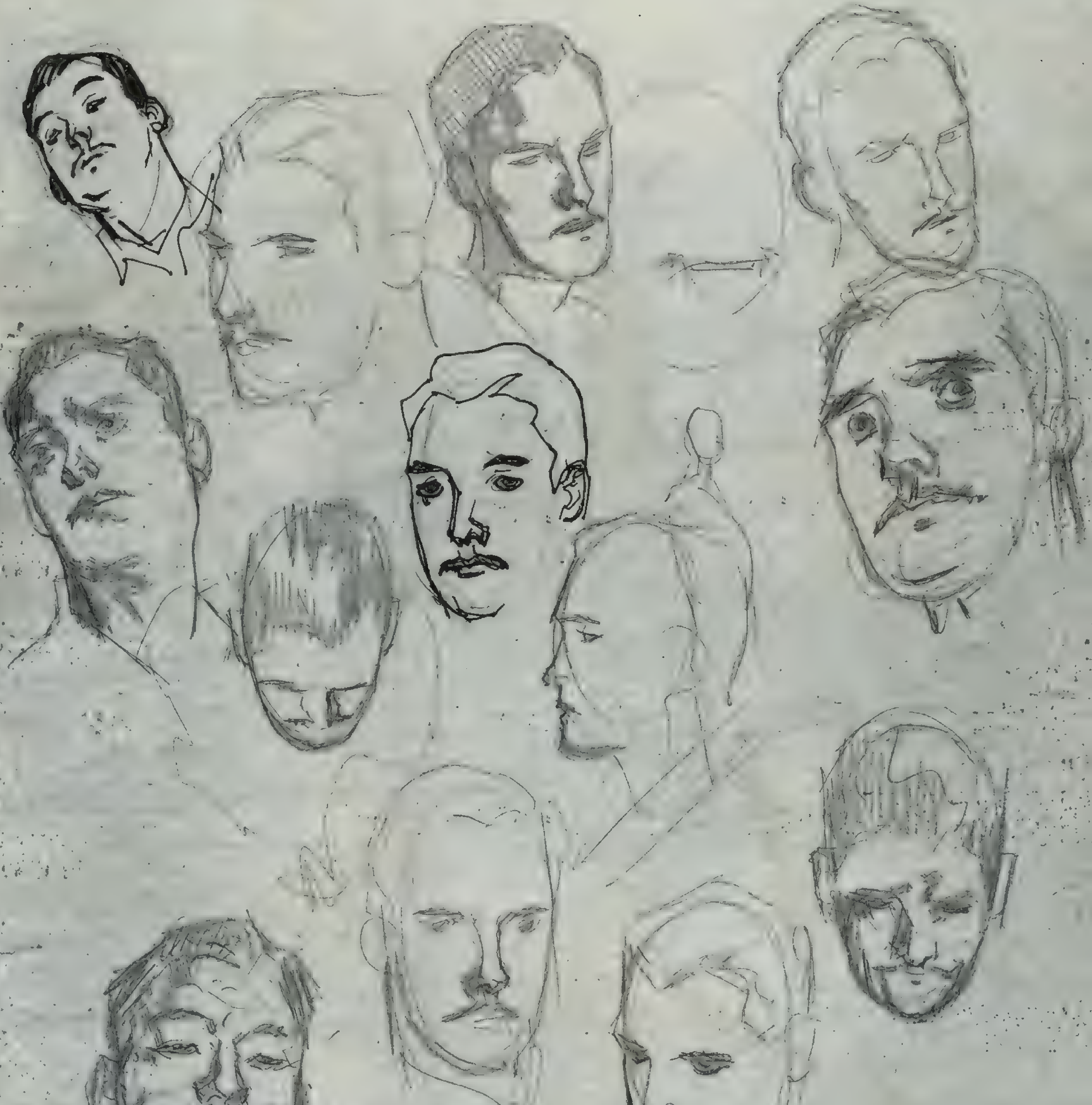
← THE AIR OF ARISTOCRACY WITH HIS EFFORTLESS WIT [illegible] AND THE SCULPTED [illegible] [illegible]

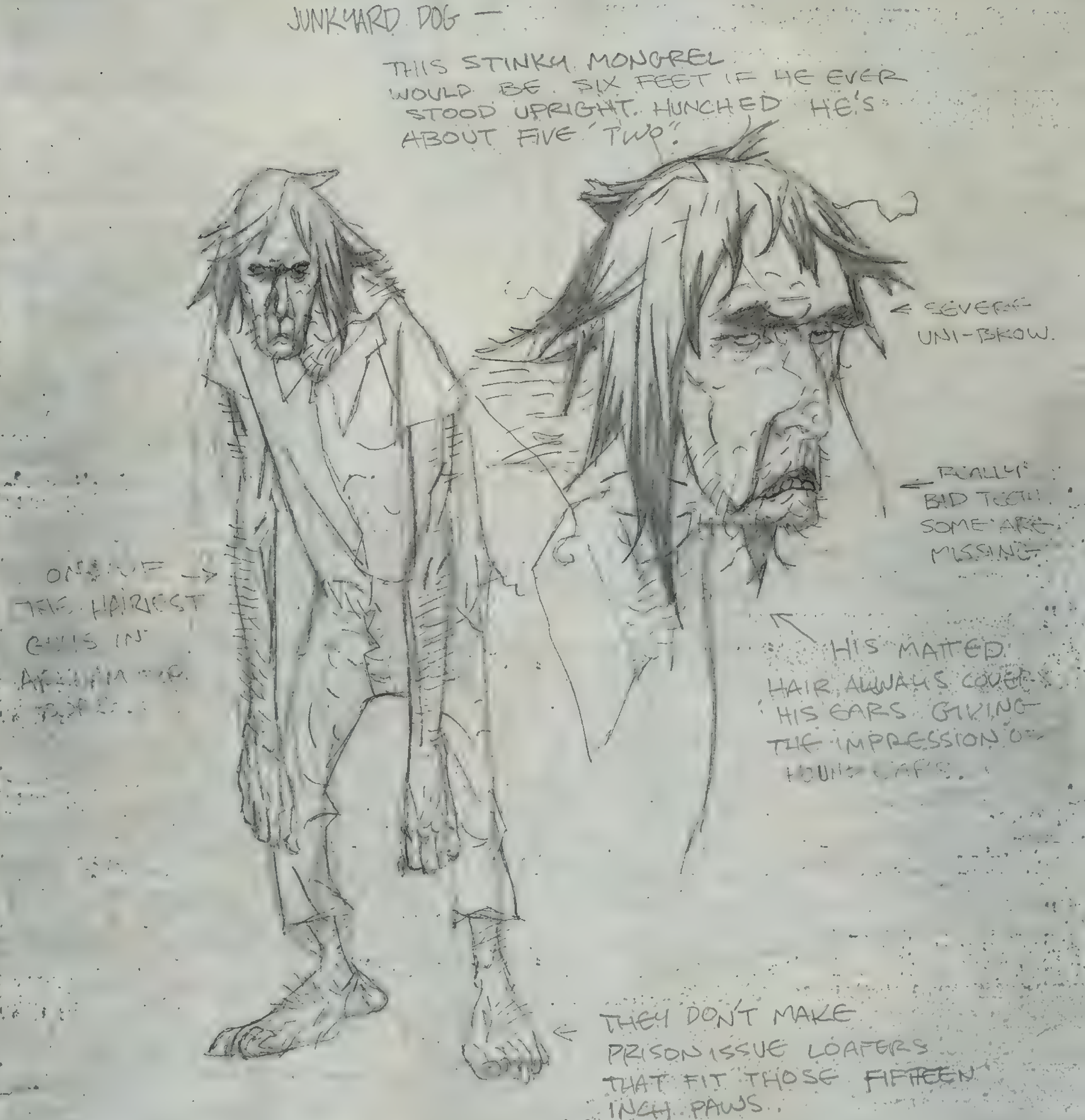
FISH

Fish, our protagonist, is a blonde Bruce Wayne-type. He IS the pampered, upper-class elitist that Bruce Wayne PRETENDS to be. Outside of Arkham, he's a shark-- in complete control of the world around him. He's sly, sophisticated, and able to work all the angles. Inside Arkham, he's completely out of his element. He's a helpless little child at the mercy of forces he can't control.

By the end of his first week in the asylum, he'll be a walking wound: banged up, bruised, and swollen.

If I were casting him in "Arkham: The Movie" I'd try to get Hugh Grant.



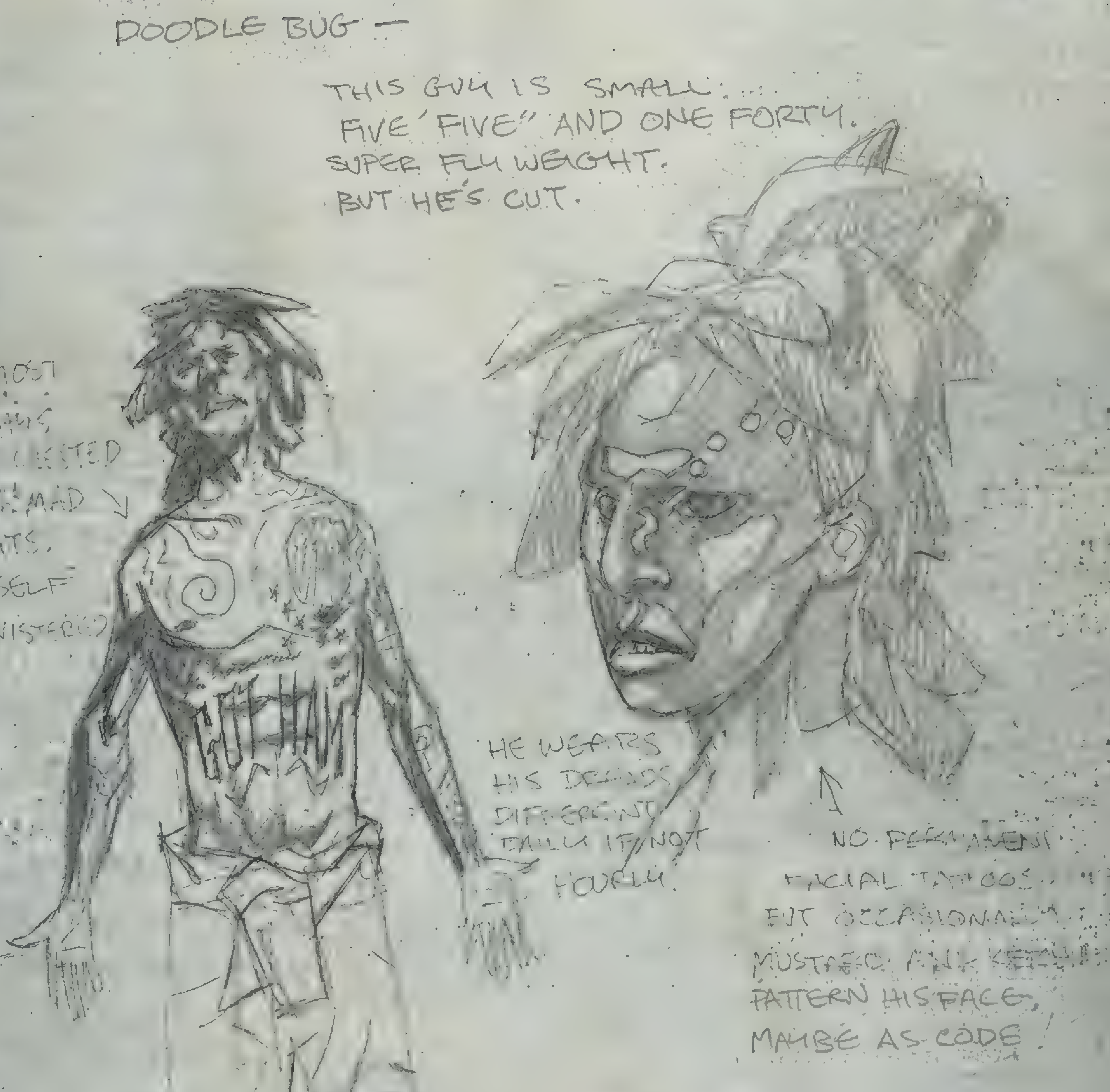

JUNKYARD DOG —
THIS STINKY MONGREL WOULD BE SIX FEET IF HE EVER STOOD UPRIGHT. HUNCHED HE'S ABOUT FIVE 'TWO'!
SEVERE UNI-BROW.
REALLY BAD TEETH SOME ARE MISSING
ONE OF THE HAIRIEST GUYS IN ARKHAM FOR [illegible]
HIS MATTED HAIR ALWAYS COVER HIS EARS GIVING THE IMPRESSION OF HOUND EARS.
THEY DON'T MAKE PRISON ISSUE LOAFERS THAT FIT THOSE FIFTEEN INCH PAWS.

JUNKYARD DOG

Junkyard Dog spends most of his time going through the trash. He's grimy, smelly, and very unhygienic-- he probably has a few sores and rashes. His hair is tangled and unkempt with bits from his trash-hunts caught in its tangles.

He has a wiry, doubled-over physique. He almost looks like he'd be happier on "all fours" than standing up. He can squirm and wriggle himself into any kind of opening-- from ventilation shafts, to trash chutes, to furnace ducts.

If I were casting him in "Arkham: The Movie" I'd try to get Christopher Lloyd (from Taxi, Back to the Future, and Cuckoo's Nest).


DOODLE BUG —
THIS GUY IS SMALL.
FIVE' FIVE" AND ONE FORTY.
SUPER FLY WEIGHT.
BUT HE'S CUT.
ALMOST
ALWAYS
BARE CHESTED
[illegible] HIS MAD
TATS.
ALL SELF
ADMINISTERED
GOTHAM
HE WEARS
HIS DREADS
DIFFERENTLY
DAILY IF NOT
HOURLY.
NO PERMANENT
FACIAL TATTOOS
BUT OCCASIONALLY
MUSTARD AND KETCHUP
PATTERN HIS FACE,
MAYBE AS CODE!

DOODLEBUG

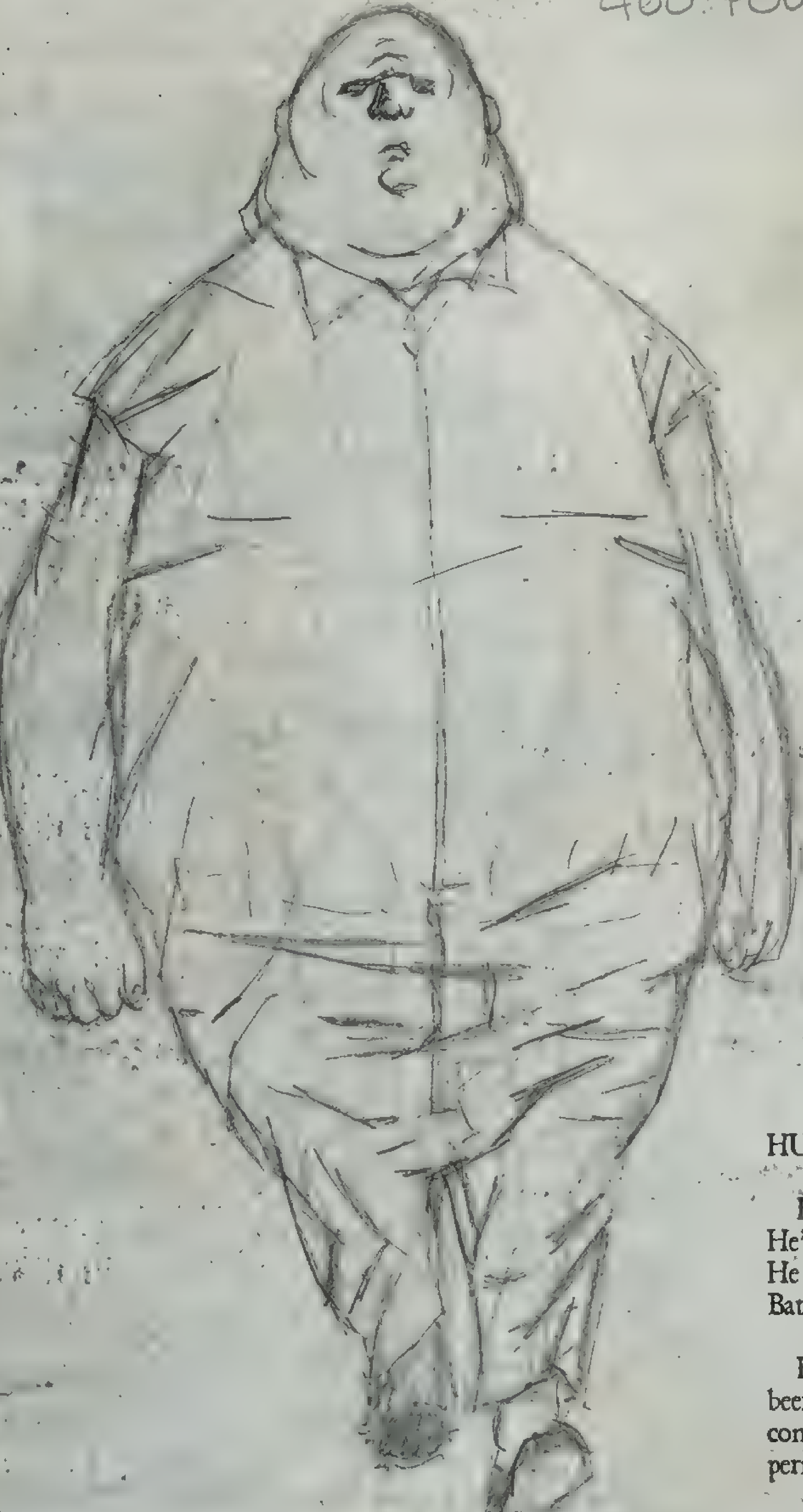
Doodlebug is an artist, the Basquiat of Arkham. Even though everyone in Arkham wears prison grays, Doodlebug stands out as someone who can "accessorize" his wardrobe. His need to express himself is a disease in itself. He can't stop playing with his food, pushing it into patterns. Or rearranging his long dreadlocks. Or what have you.

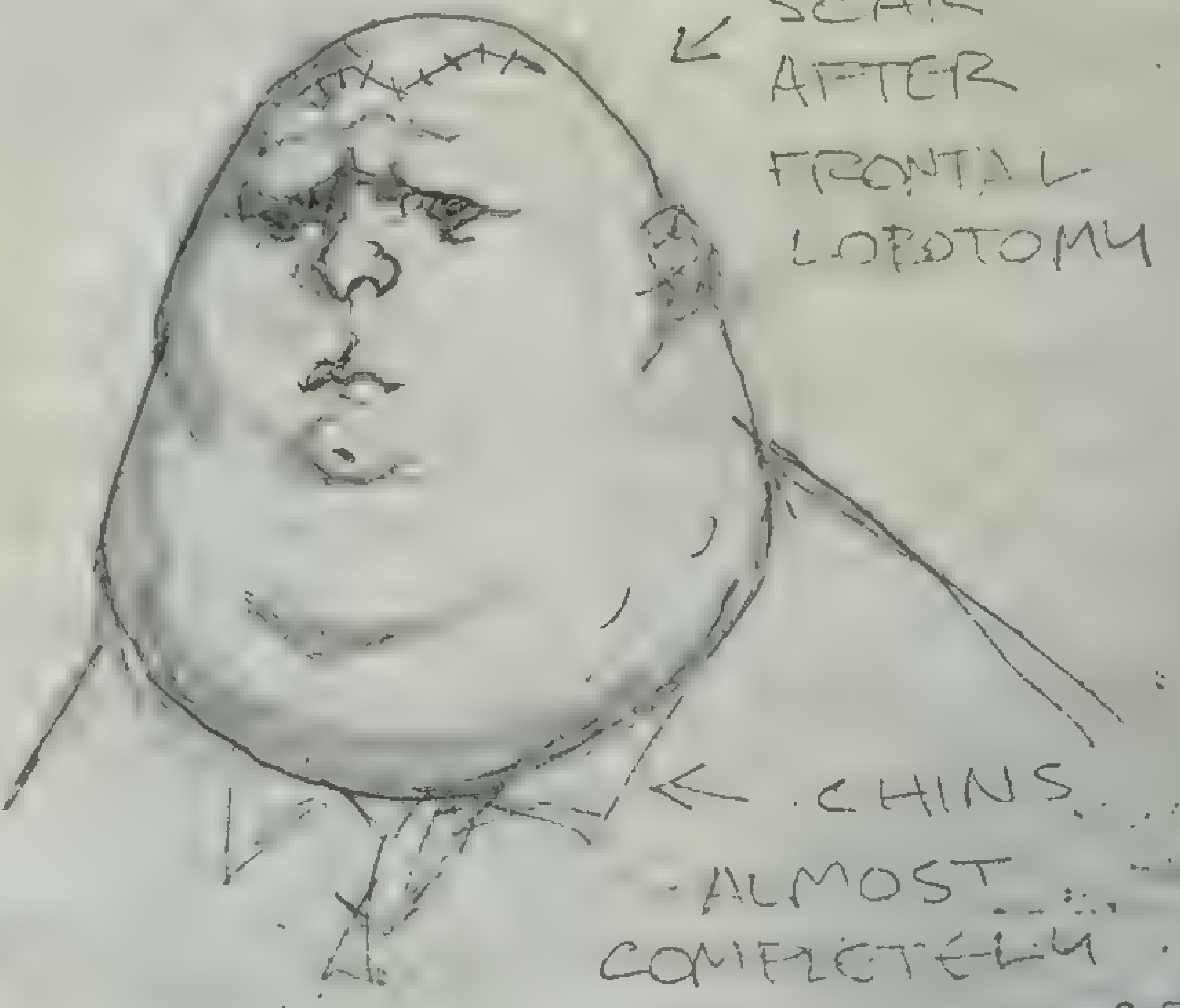
Doodlebug is an excellent climber and "human fly," able to scale walls and cling to ceilings. And his physique should show this.

If I were casting him in "Arkham: The Movie" I'd try to get Don Cheadle (Volcano, Traffic, and Boogie Nights).

HUMPTY DUMPTY —

SIX FOOT SIX
AND APPROXIMATELY
400 POUNDS.





SCAR AFTER FRONTAL LOBOTOMY

CHINS ALMOST COMPLETELY HIDE HIS COLLAR.

HUMPTY DUMPTY

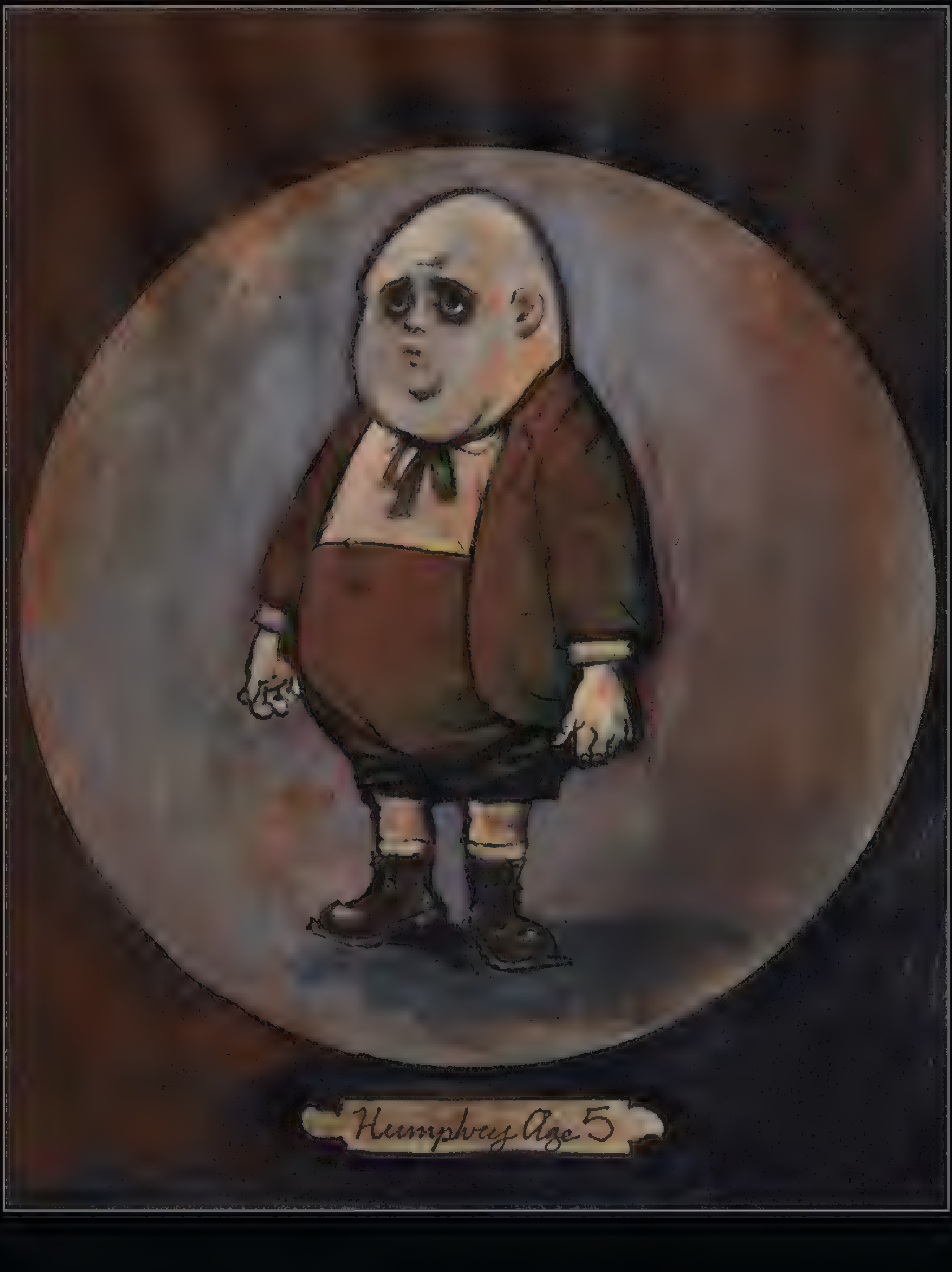
Humpty Dumpty is an enormous "egg-shaped" man. He's huge! Easily six-and-a-half feet and over 350 lbs. He should look like someone who'd give Killer Croc or Batman a hard time... but that's not his nature.

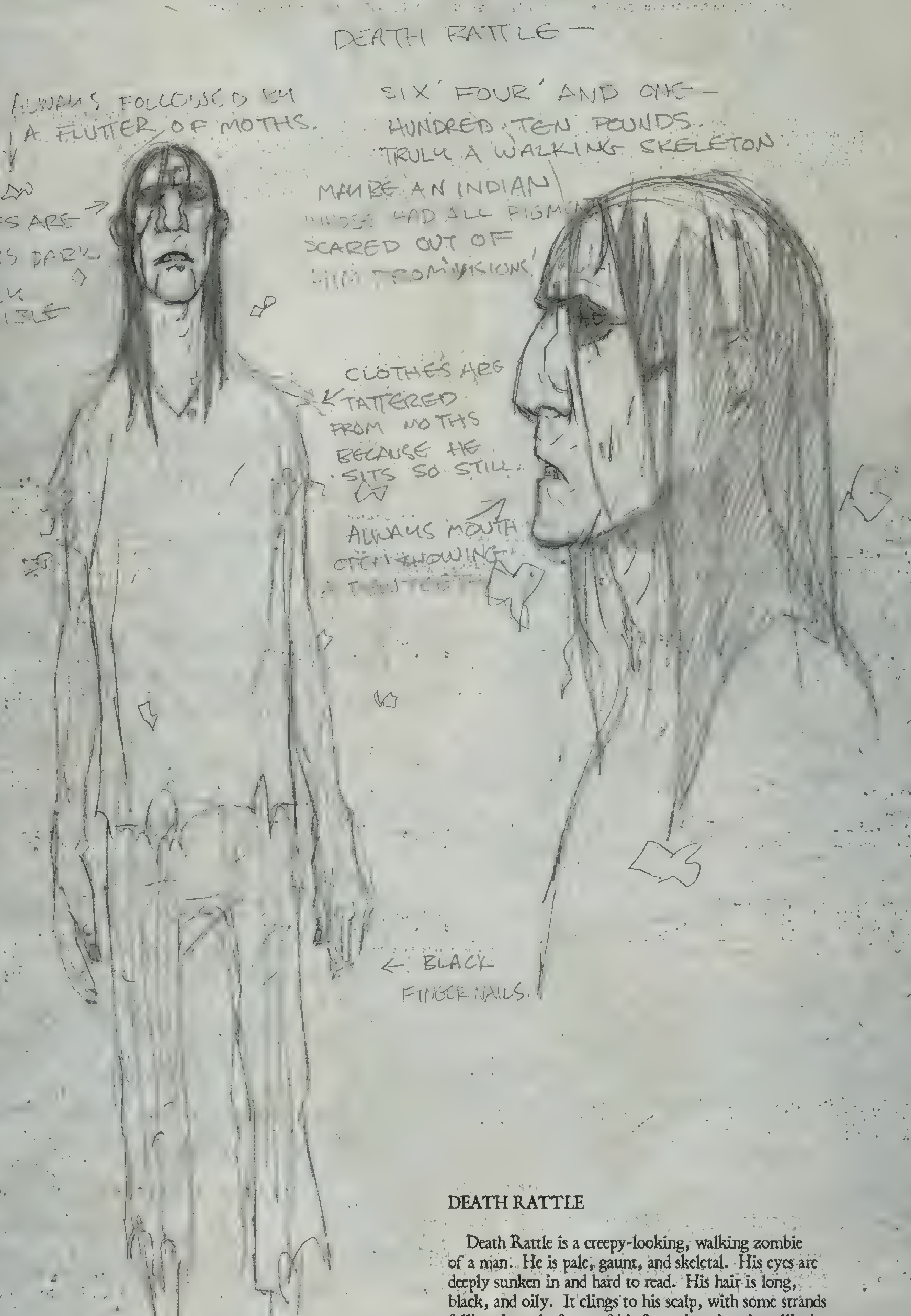
He has the pained expression of a child who's been wronged by circumstances that they can't quite comprehend. His wrinkled brow is in an almost permanent "Why Me?" look.

He is completely bald, with a jutting brow-- but no eyebrows. His whole head is soft and lumpy, from his cauliflower-ed ears to the rolls of flab that completely obscure his neck. He has no distinguishing marks-- no freckles, tattoos, or moles. He is just endless waves of pale, white, flabby flesh. (Though by issue #5 we will complete his "cracked egg" visual when he's given a frontal lobotomy).

His hands are ENORMOUS and clumsy-looking, though he's able to use them with amazing dexterity, taking apart complex machinery and putting it back together.

If I were casting him in "Arkham: The Movie" I'd try to get Brad Garrett, the actor who plays Robert, the older brother, from "Everybody Loves Raymond"-- and then put him in a NUTTY PROFESSOR-style "fat suit."


Humphrey Age 5


DEATH RATTLE —
ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY A FLUTTER OF MOTHS.
SIX' FOUR' AND ONE-HUNDRED TEN POUNDS. TRULY A WALKING SKELETON
EYES ARE ALWAYS DARK OR BARELY VISIBLE
MAYBE AN INDIAN WHOSE HAD ALL PIGMENT SCARED OUT OF HIM FROM VISIONS!
CLOTHES ARE TATTERED FROM MOTHS BECAUSE HE SITS SO STILL.
ALWAYS MOUTH OPEN SHOWING TEETH
BLACK FINGER NAILS.

DEATH RATTLE

Death Rattle is a creepy-looking, walking zombie of a man. He is pale, gaunt, and skeletal. His eyes are deeply sunken in and hard to read. His hair is long, black, and oily. It clings to his scalp, with some strands falling down in front of his face-- hanging there like he can't be bothered to push them out of the way.

Even though he's not as physically intimidating as some of the others, Death Rattle should give off a freaky "don't you EVER cross me" vibe.

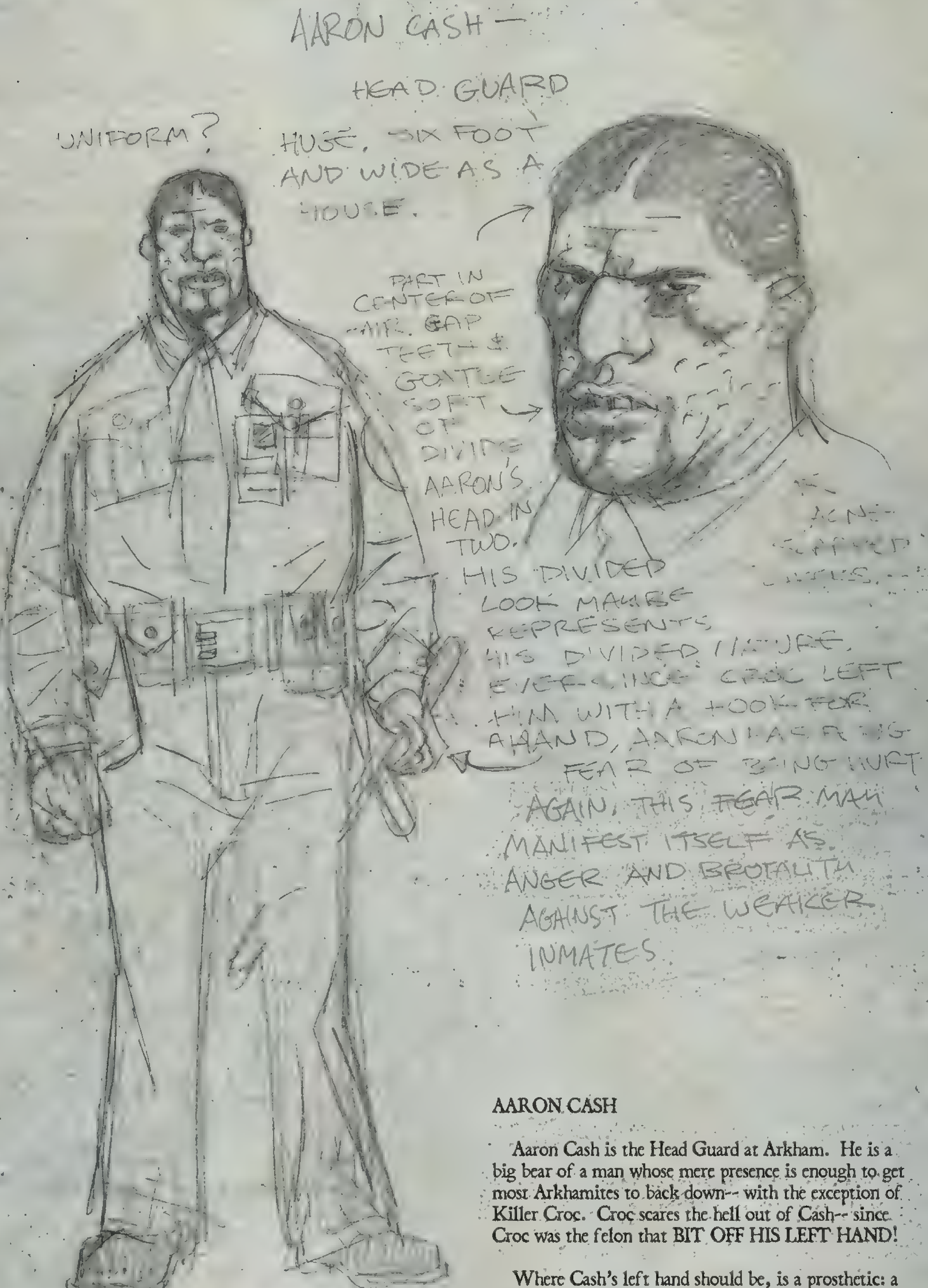
If I were casting him in "Arkham: The Movie" I'd try to get Alexander Godunov, the main henchman from "Die Hard" and Harrison Ford's Amish rival for Kelly McGillis in "Witness."

JANE DOE —
AVERAGE!
FIVE FOOT SIX ONE HUNDRED TWENTY POUNDS.
LIGHT BROWN HAIR. HAZEL EYES.
NO MAKE UP. NOTHING TO ACCENT ANY FEATURES
ALMOST AN UNPAINTED MANNEQUIN.
NO NAIL POLISH EITHER

JANE DOE

Jane Doe is eerily nondescript. That's her "power," the fact that she's so unnoticeable that she can blend into any background. She's average height, average weight, plain face, plain hair, and with plain features. Her ability for mimicry is uncanny-- she can take on the appearance and mannerisms of ANYONE-- female OR male.

If I were casting her in "Arkham: The Movie" I'd try to get Jennifer Jason Leigh.



AARON CASH —

HEAD GUARD

UNIFORM?

HUGE, SIX FOOT
AND WIDE AS A
HOUSE.

PART IN
CENTER OF
HAIR. GAP
TEETH &
GOATEE
SORT
OF
DIVIDE
AARON'S
HEAD IN
TWO.
HIS DIVIDED
LOOK MAYBE
REPRESENTS
HIS DIVIDED NATURE.
EVER SINCE CROC LEFT
HIM WITH A HOOK FOR
A HAND, AARON HAS A BIG
FEAR OF BEING HURT
AGAIN. THIS ~~FEAR~~ MAY
MANIFEST ITSELF AS
ANGER AND BRUTALITY
AGAINST THE WEAKER
INMATES

ACNE
SCARRED
CHEEKS.

AARON CASH

Aaron Cash is the Head Guard at Arkham. He is a big bear of a man whose mere presence is enough to get most Arkhamites to back down-- with the exception of Killer Croc. Croc scares the hell out of Cash-- since Croc was the felon that BIT OFF HIS LEFT HAND!

Where Cash's left hand should be, is a prosthetic: a two-pronged pincher claw deal.

If I were casting him in "Arkham: The Movie" I'd try to get Laurence Fishburne.

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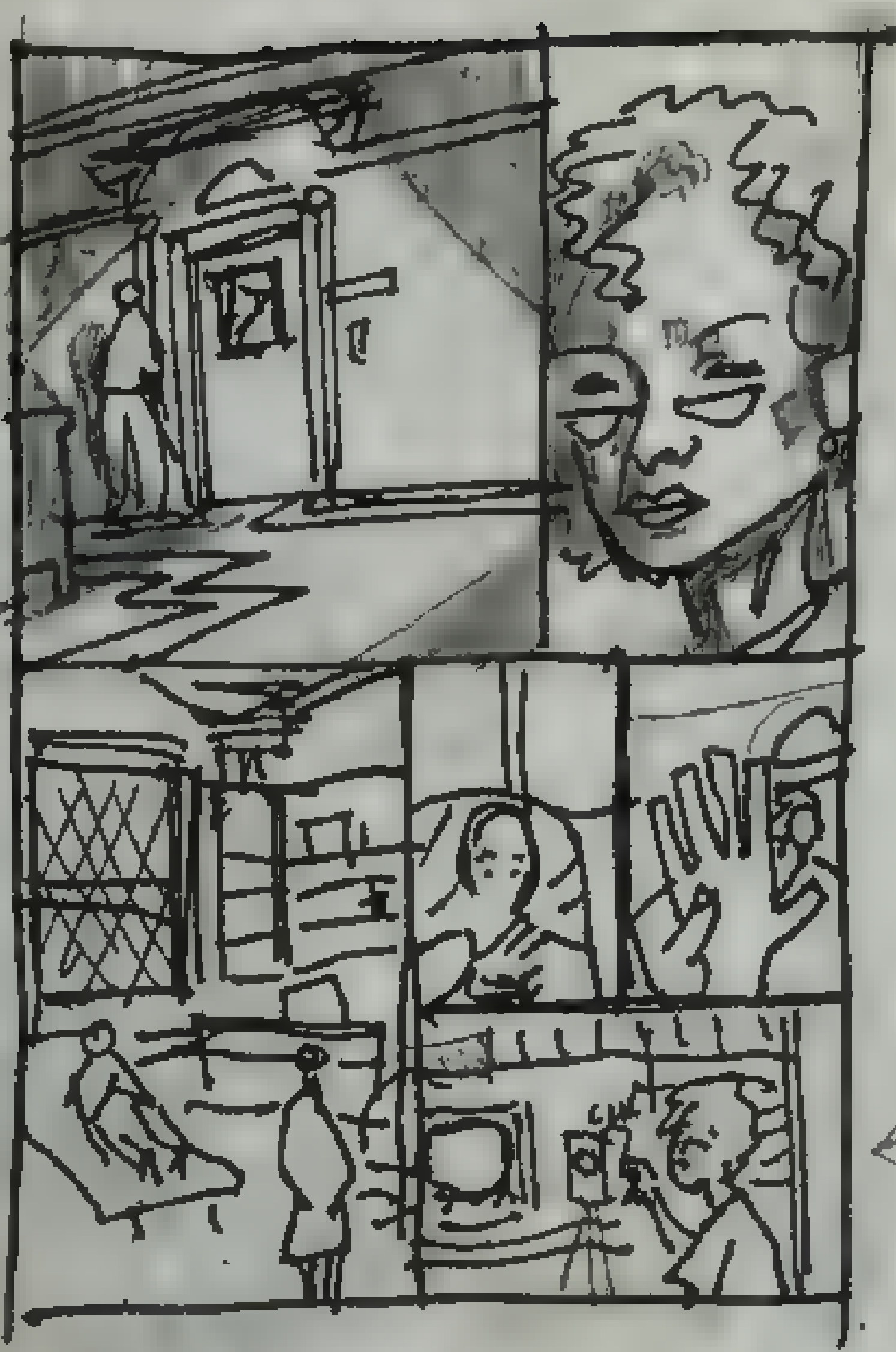

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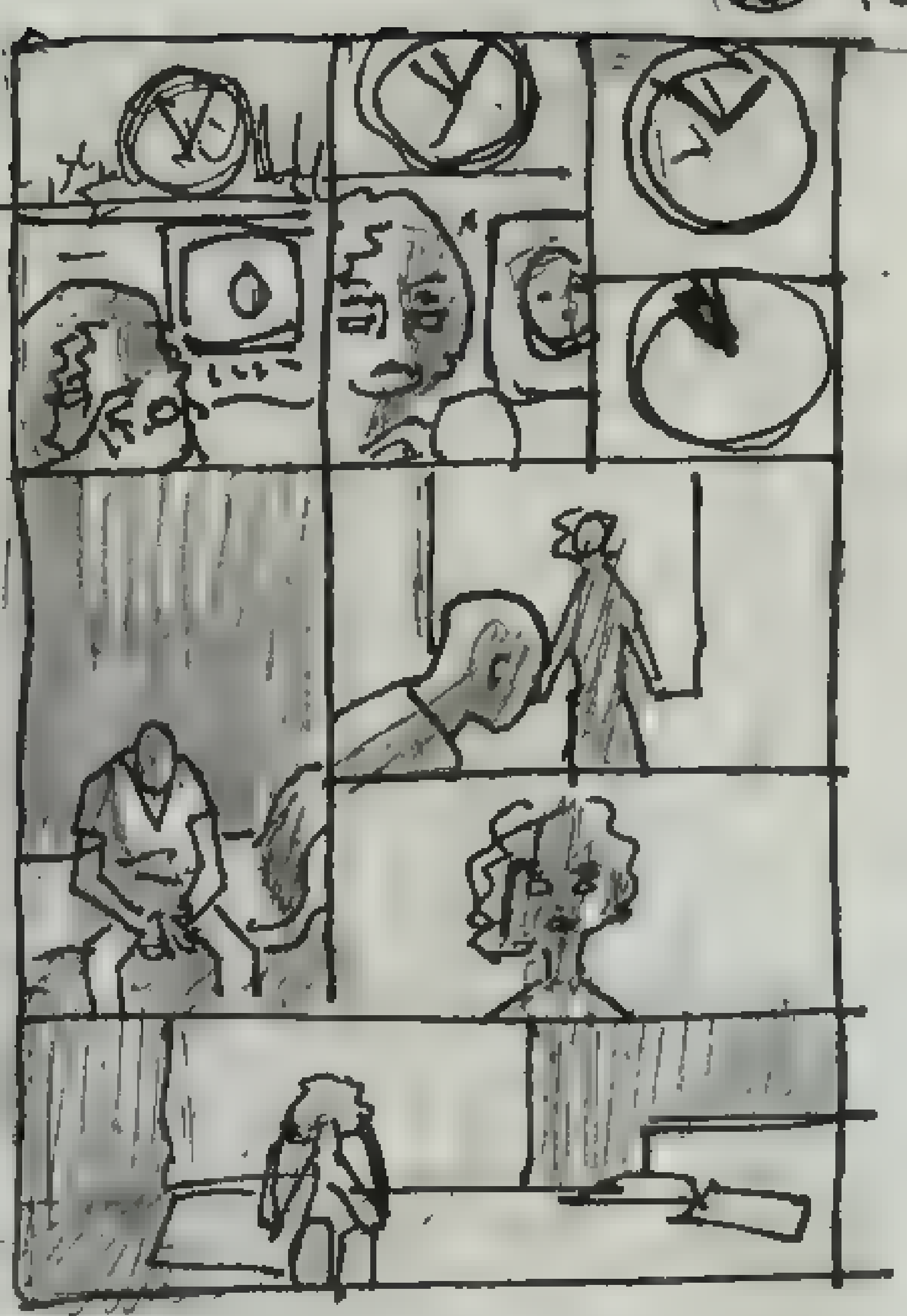

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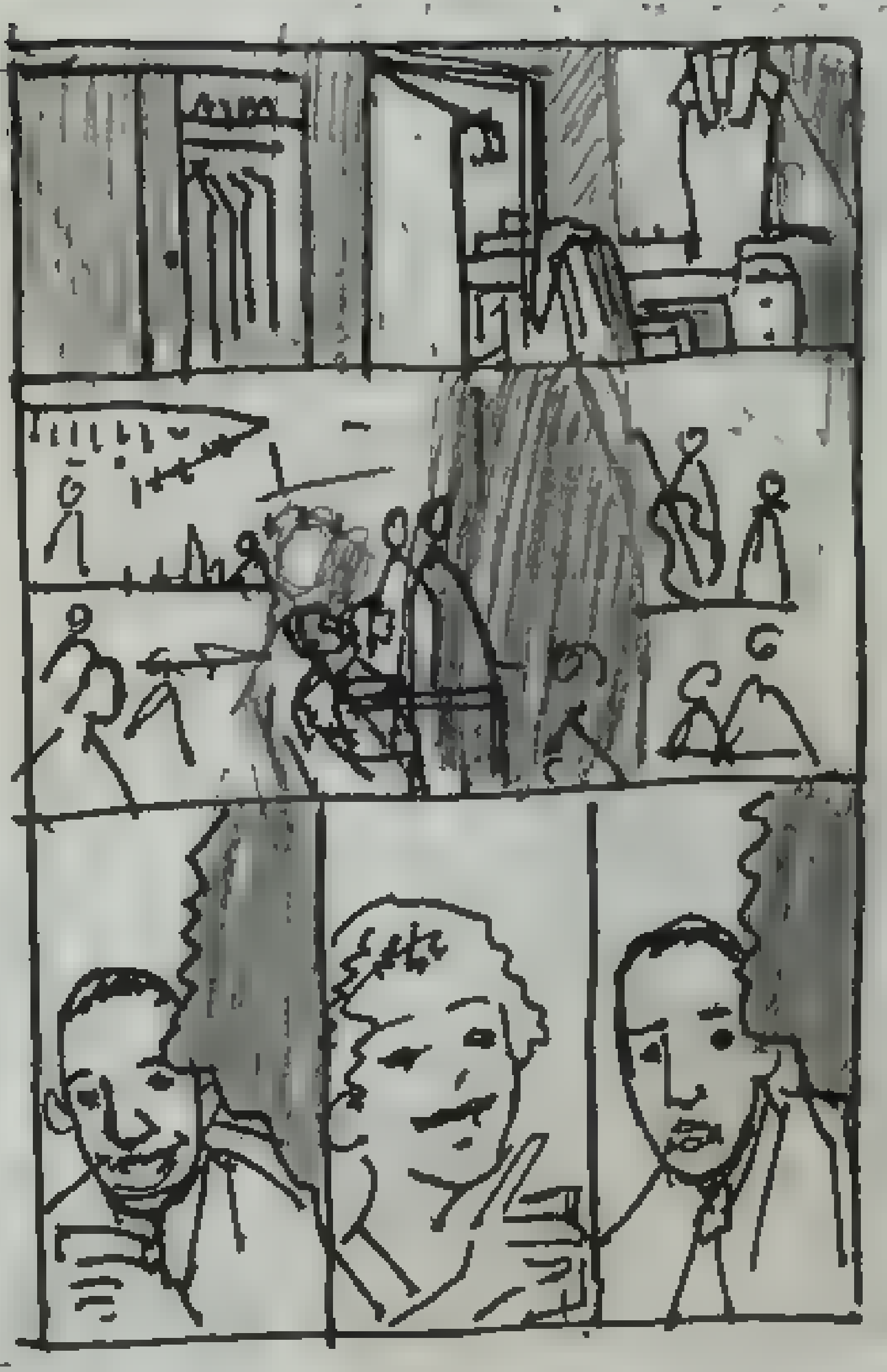

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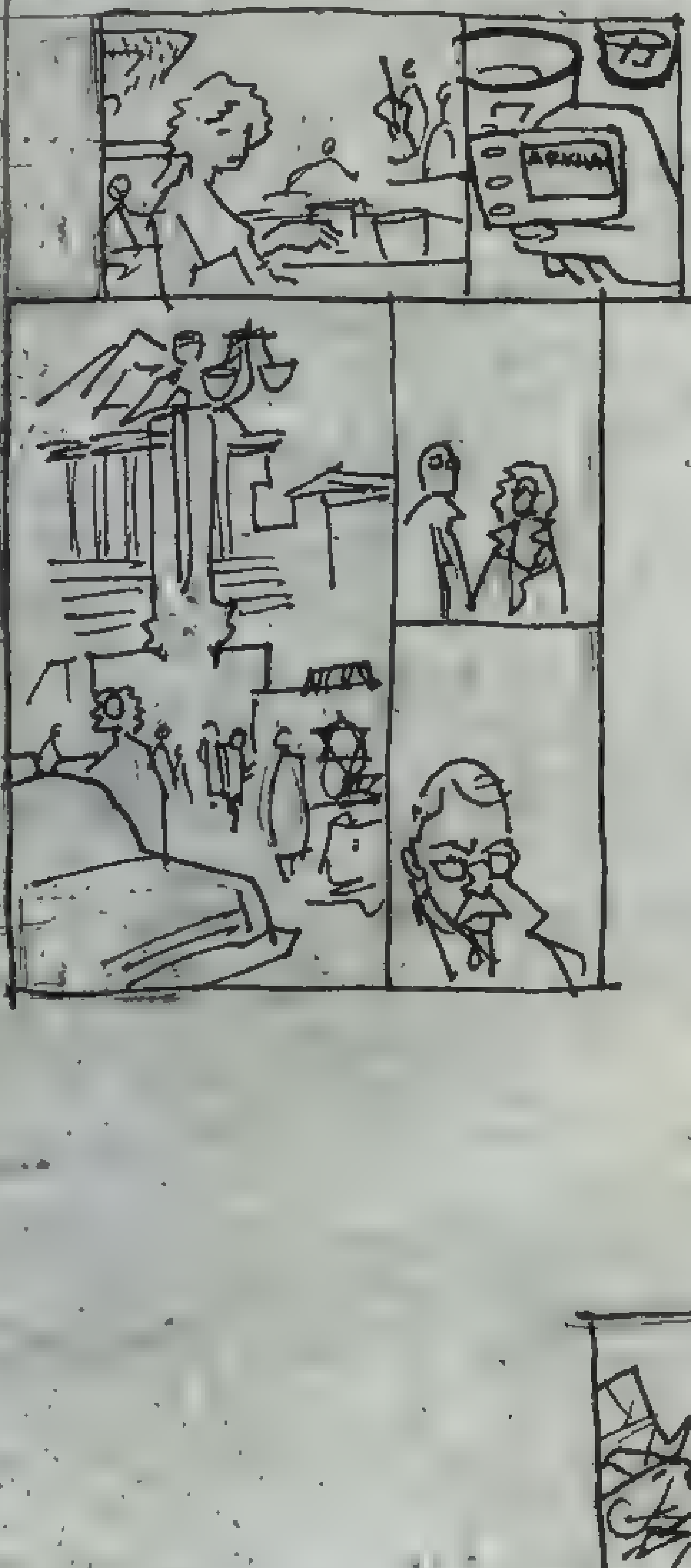

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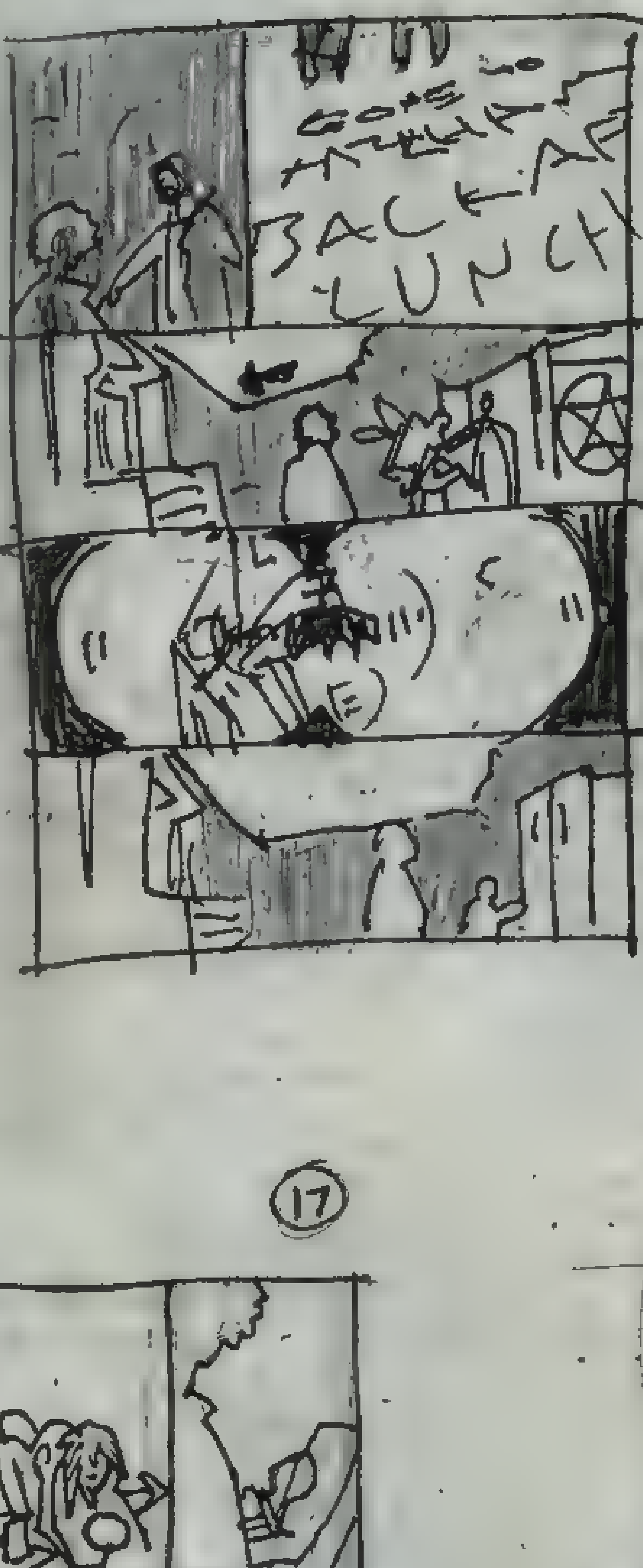
BACK AT
LUNCH

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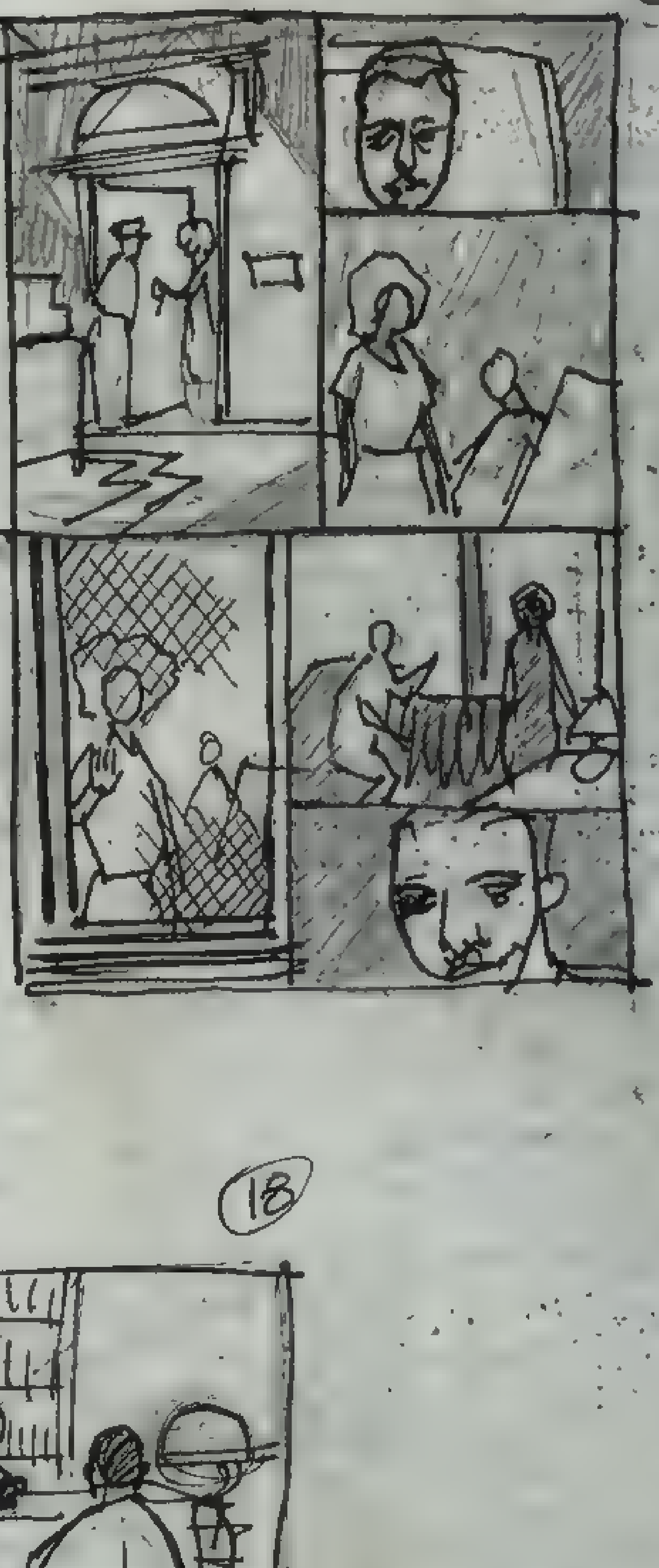

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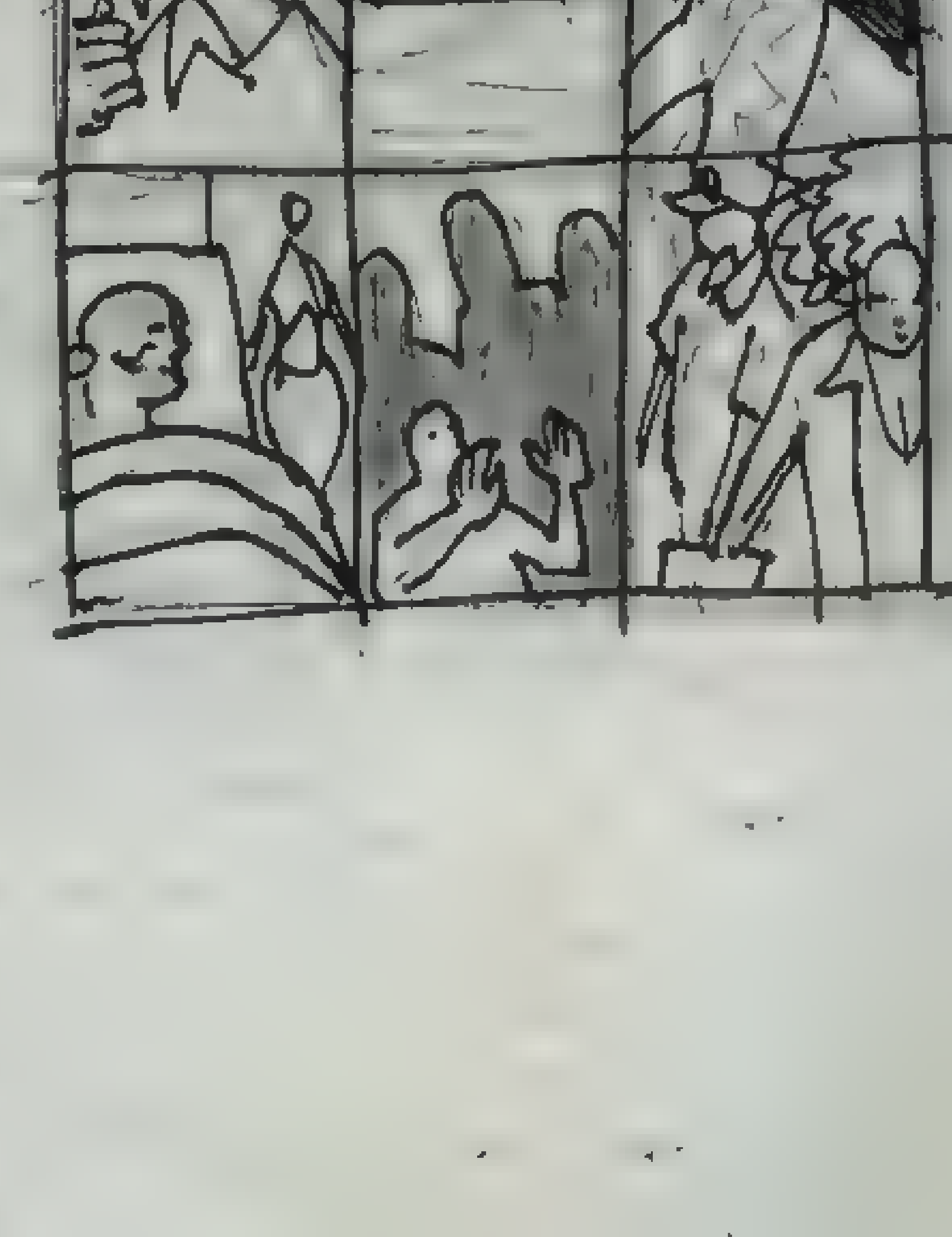

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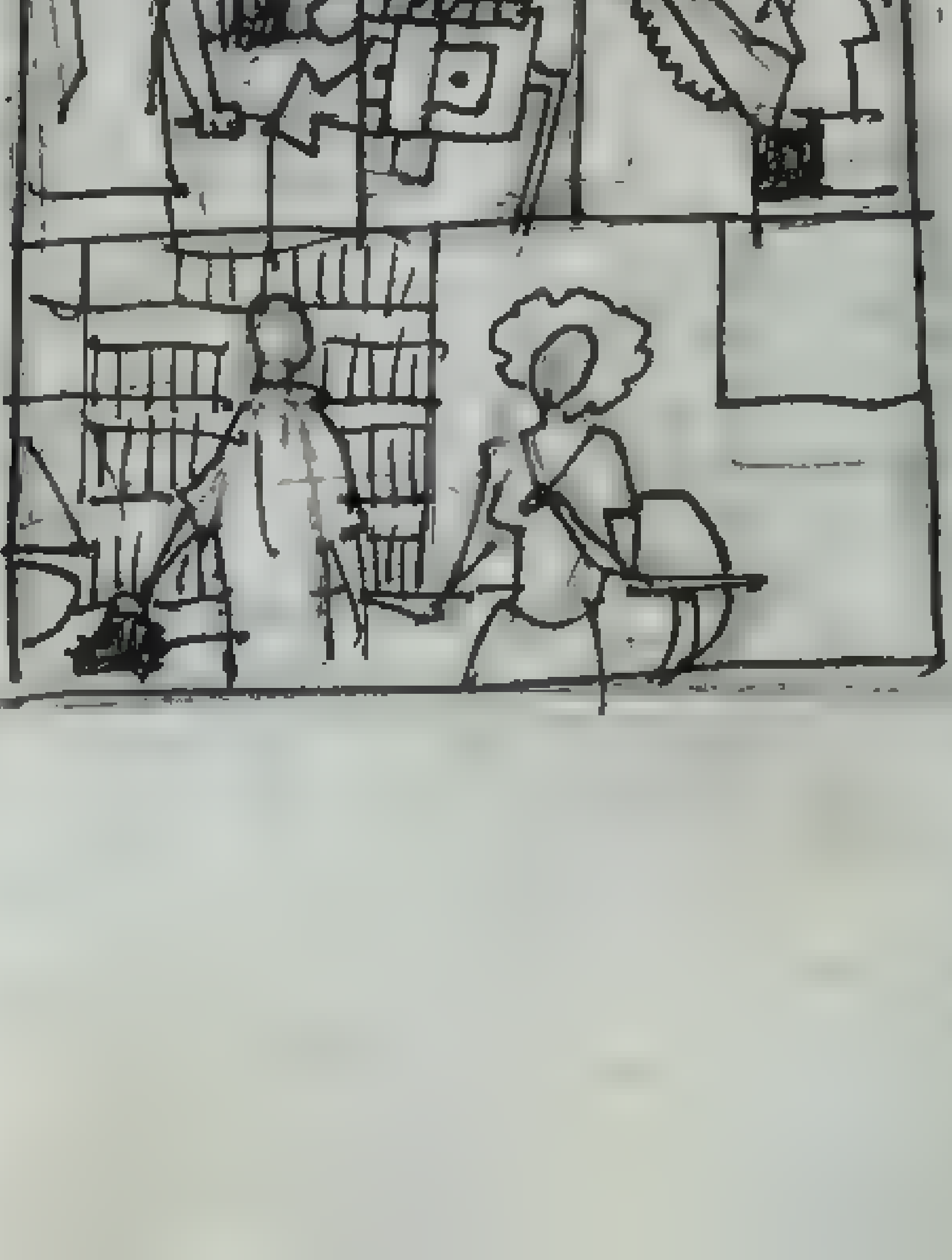
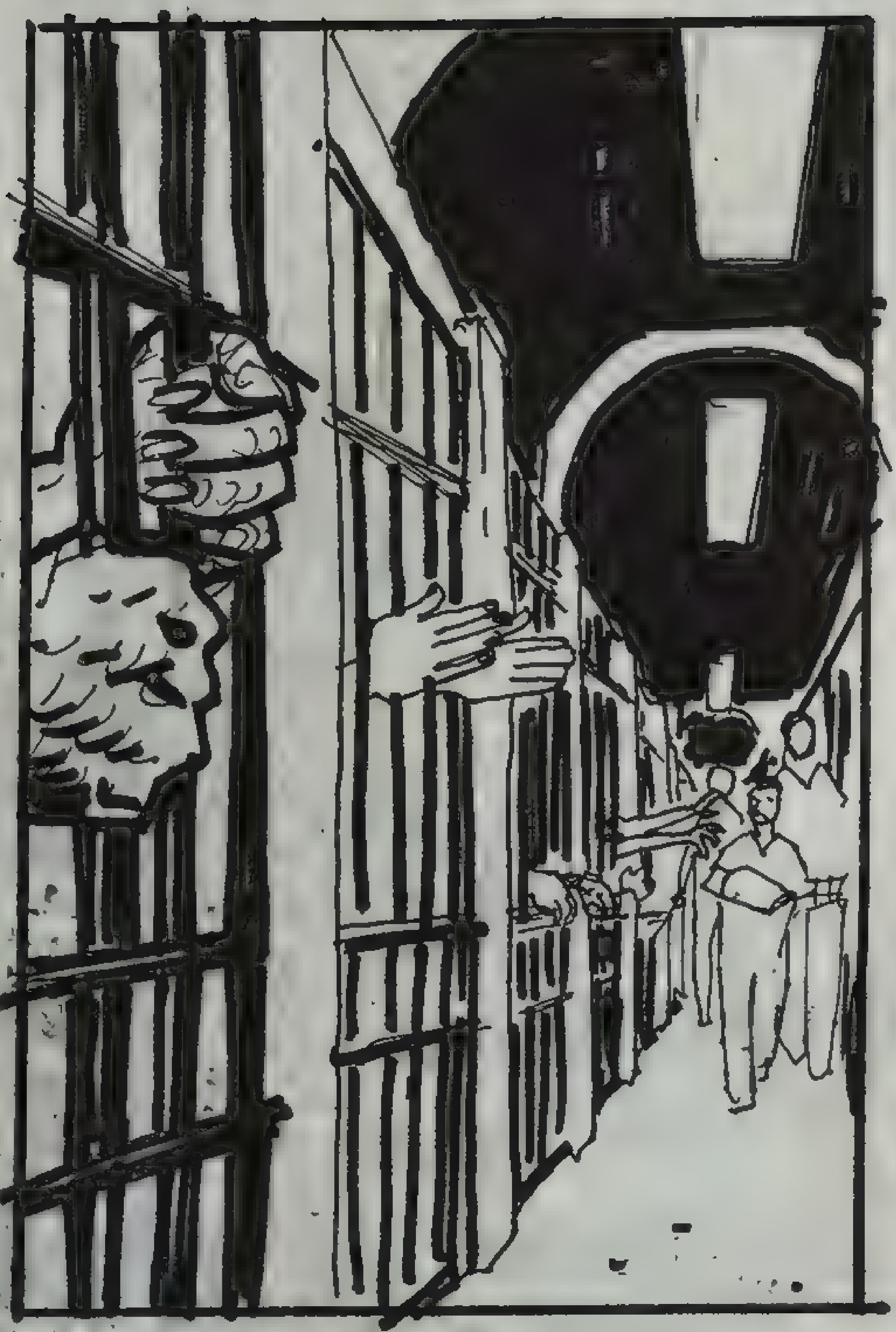
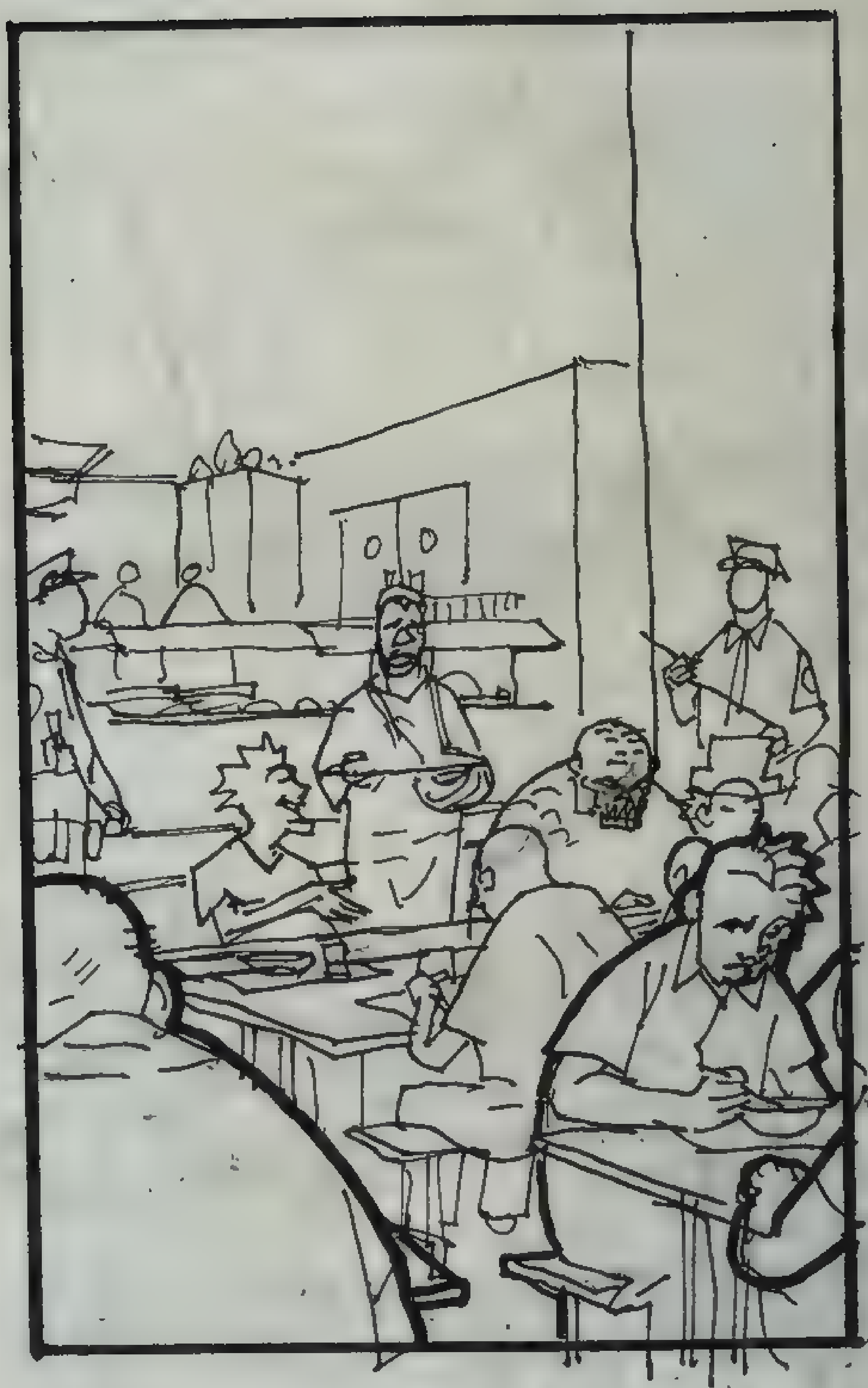
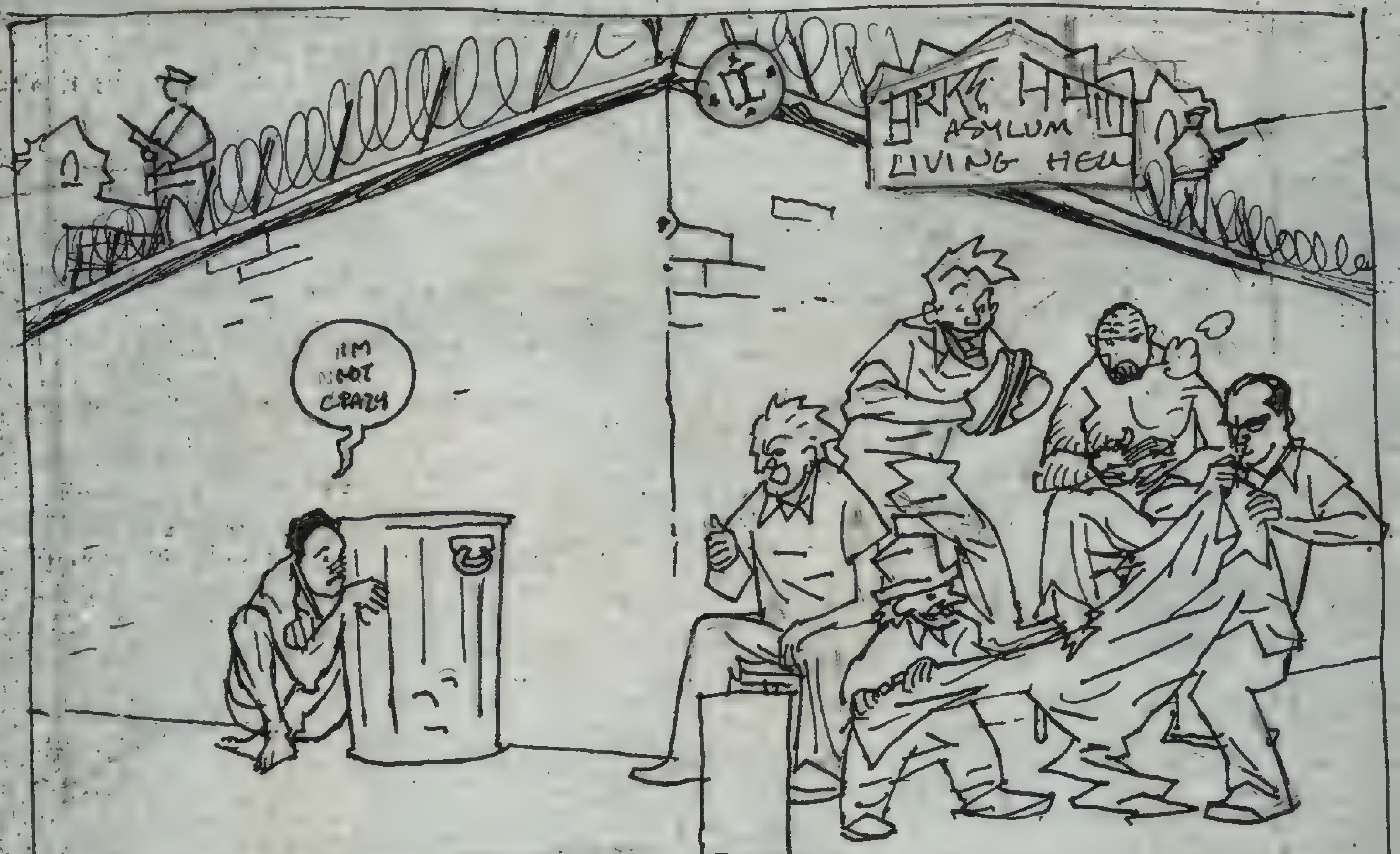
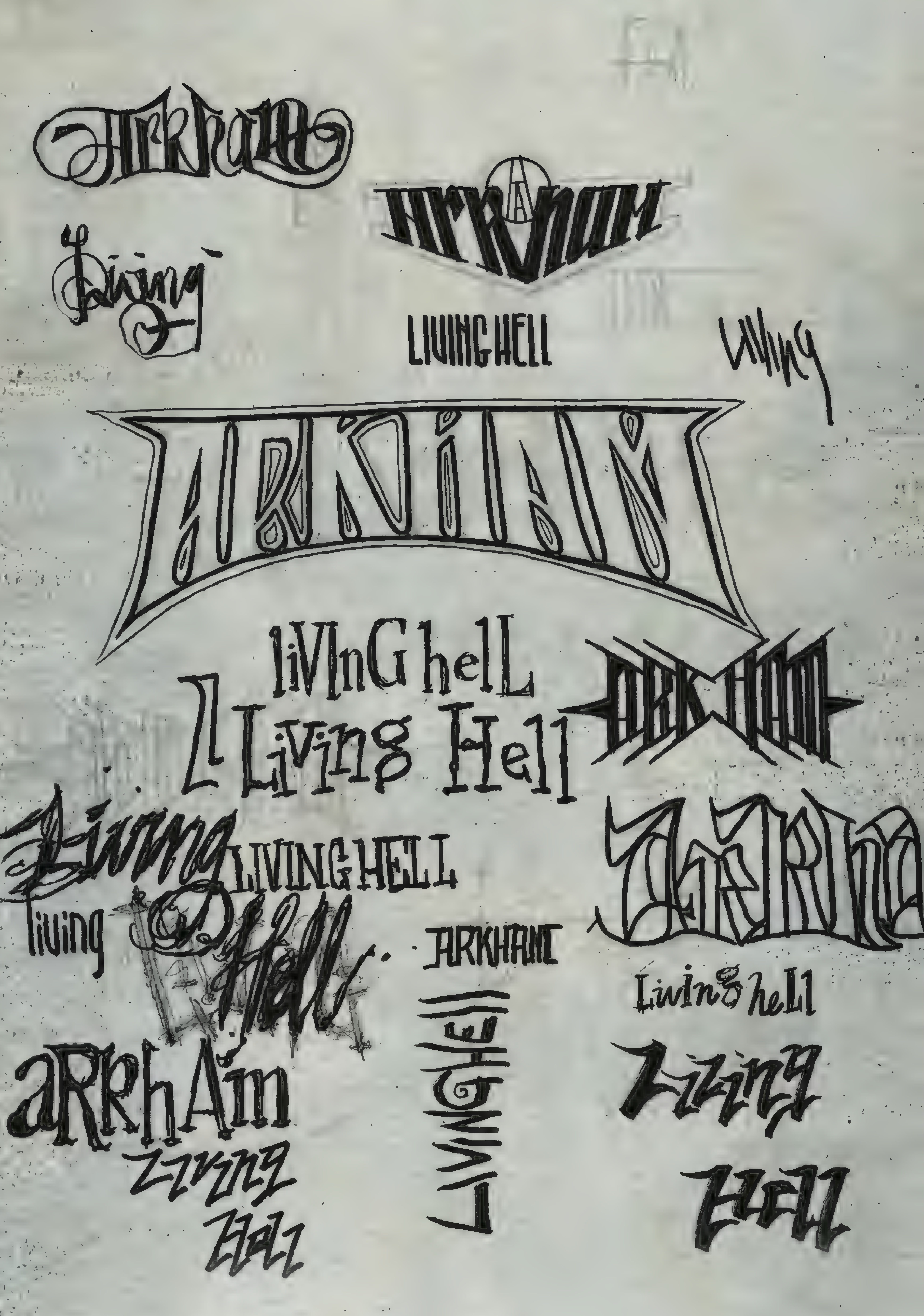






ISSUE 1 WRAPAROUND!


ARKHAM ASYLUM
LIVING HELL
I'M NOT CRAZY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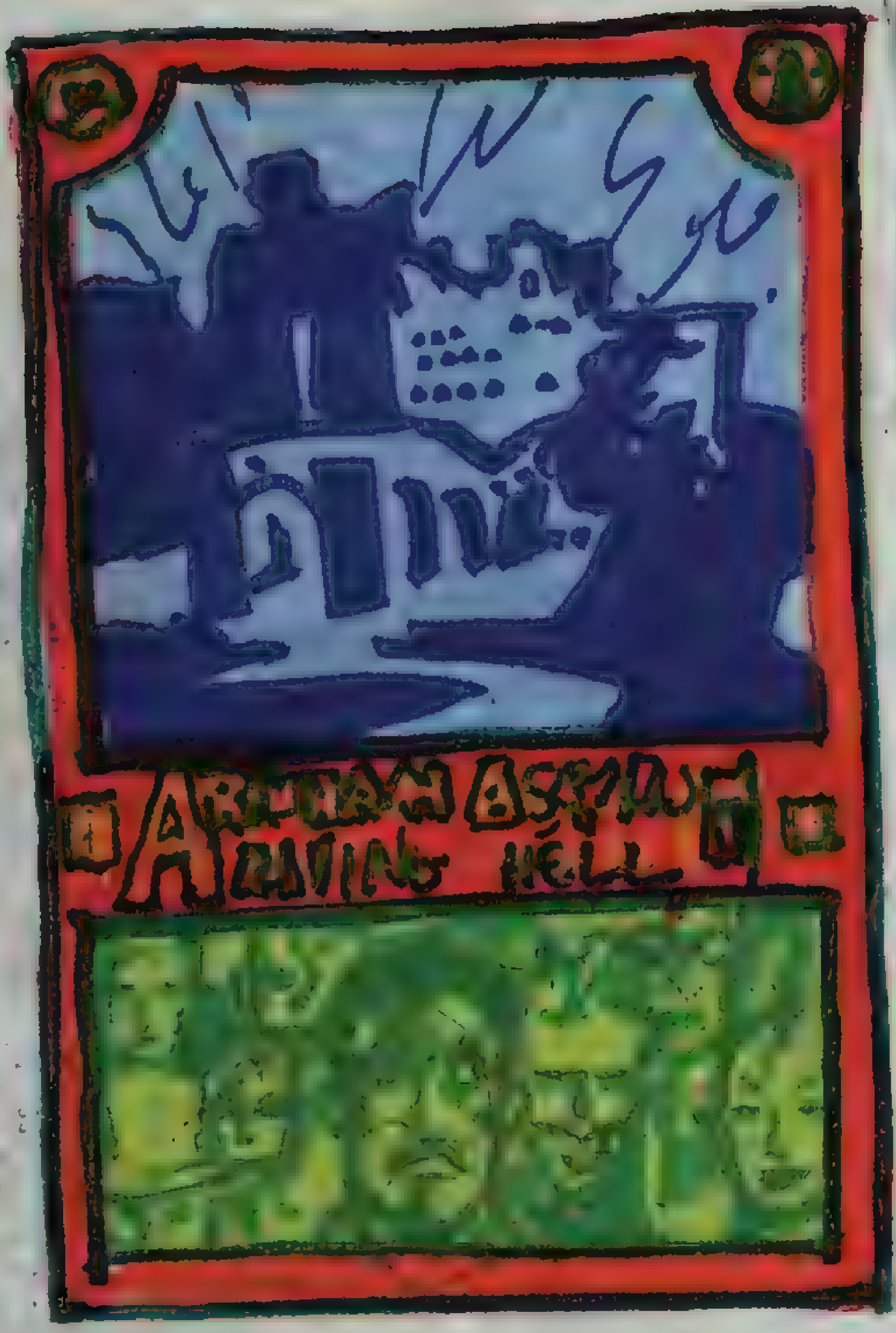
Hell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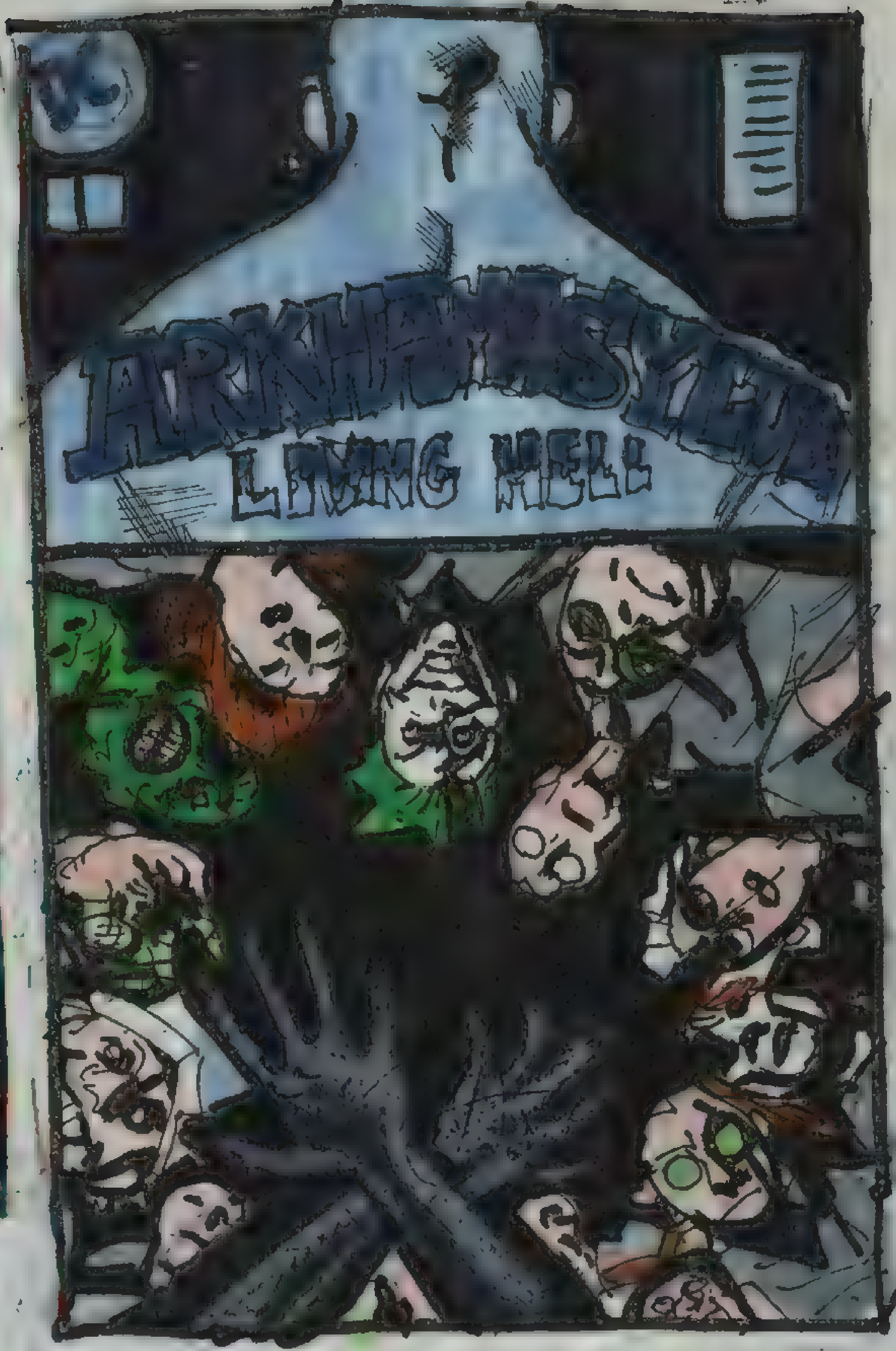
LIVING HELL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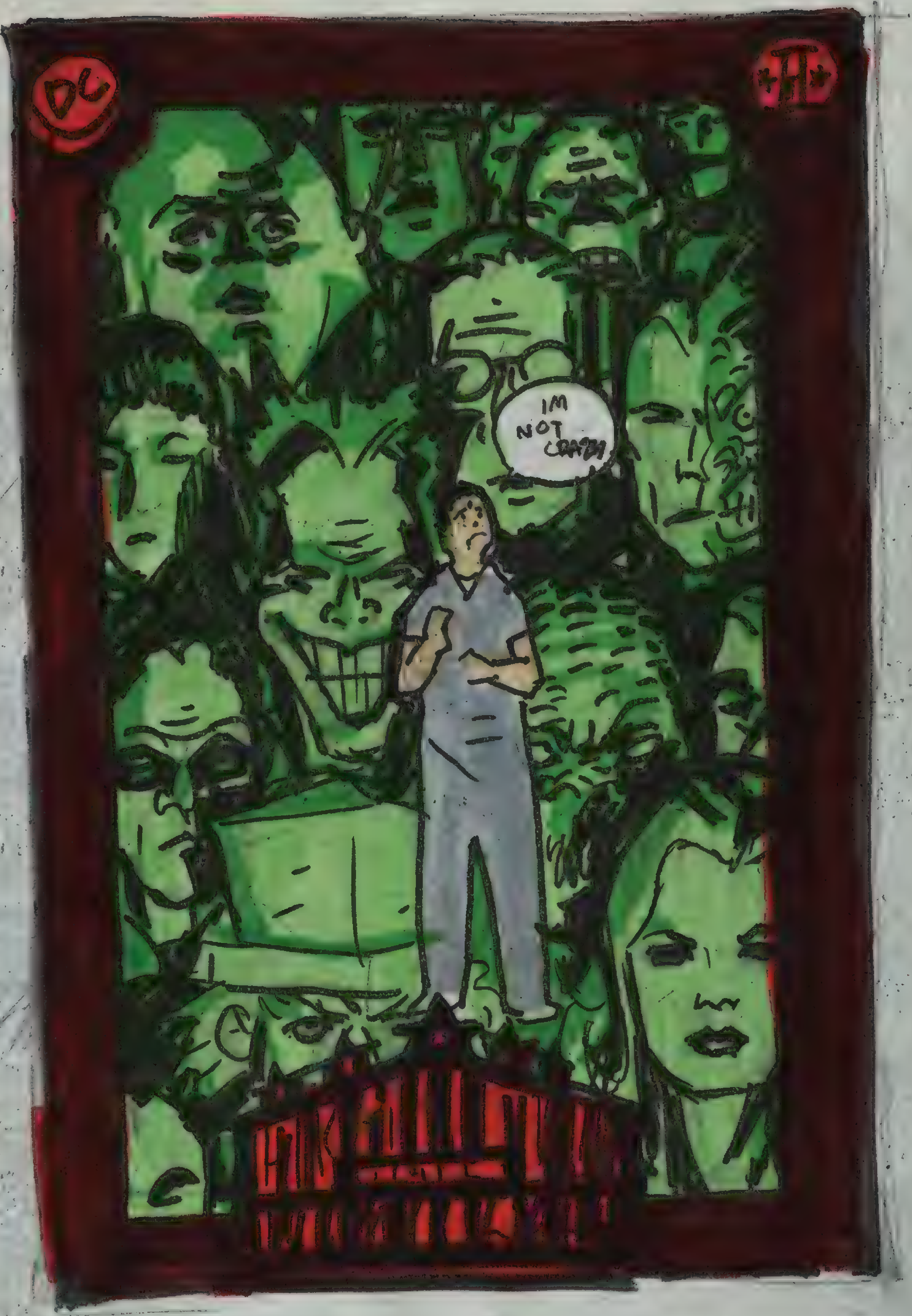
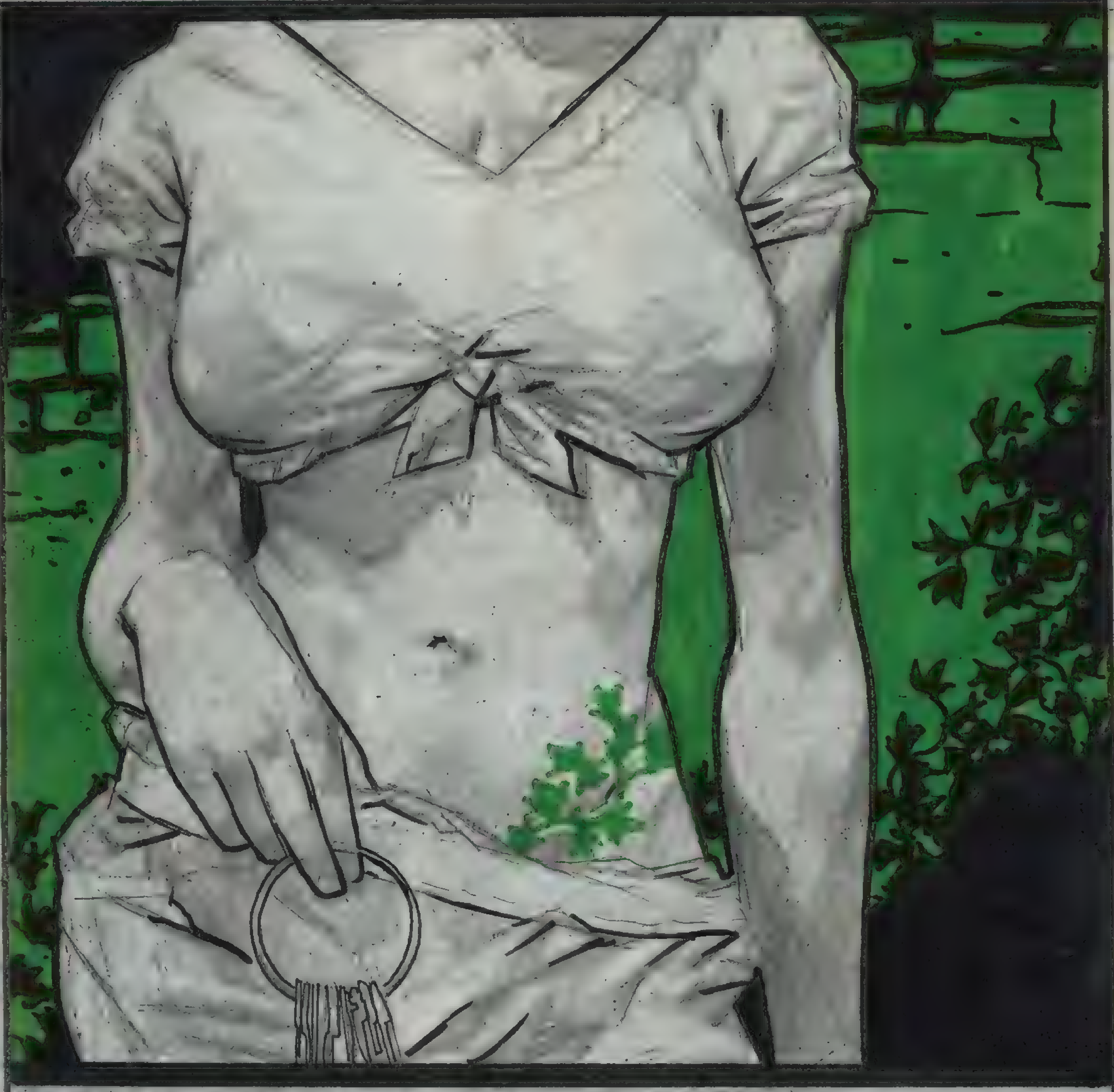
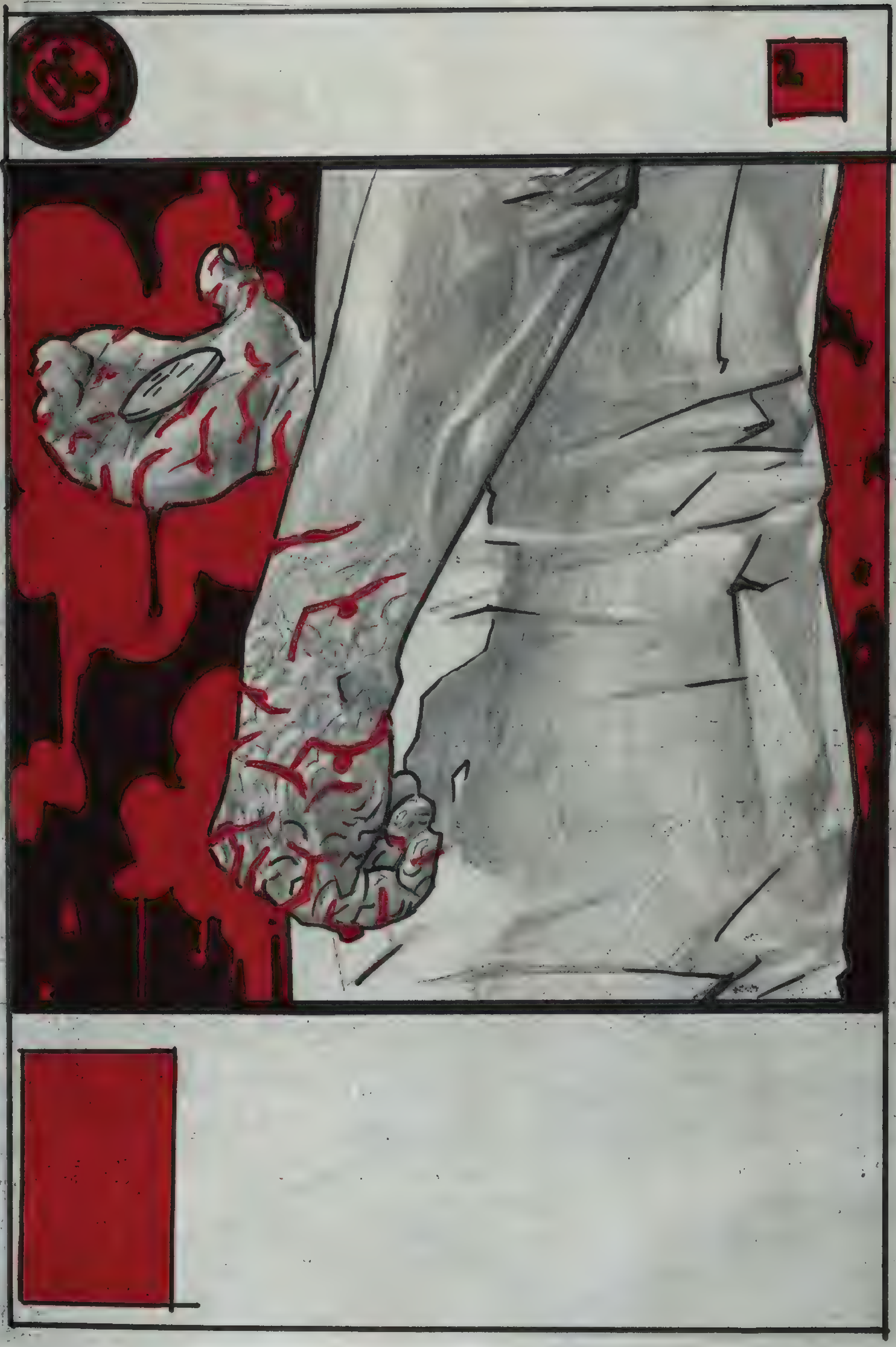
LIVING HELL


DC
IM NOT CRAZY!

5




2

The Arkham Asylum: Living Hell Easter Egg
The Riddler solved the biggest modern day mystery at Arkham, and never told anyone...
...except in riddles. And we never even told the readers.
We just left it sitting there for anyone who was paying attention.

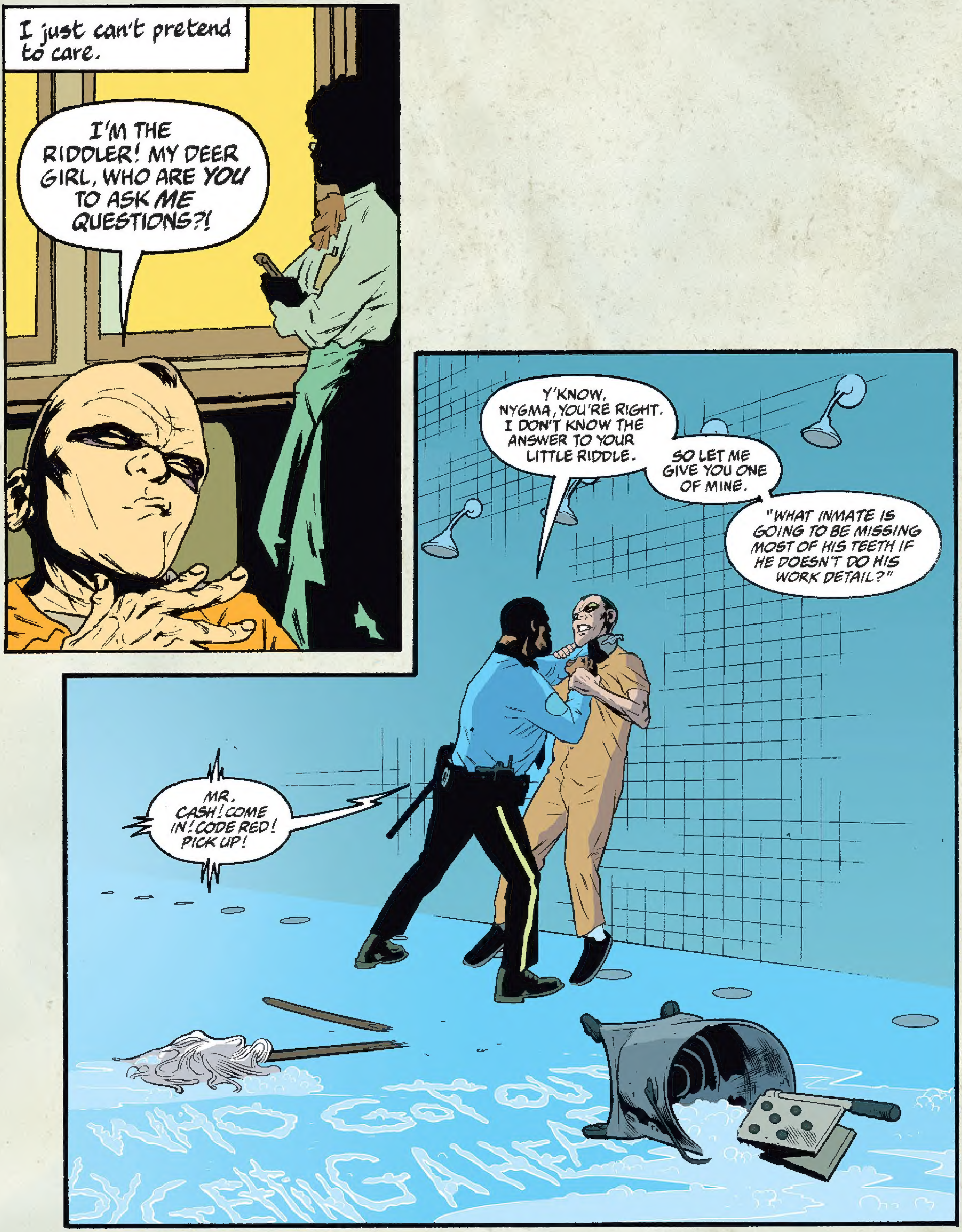
AA: LH #1, PAGE 17, Panel Seven
While in a session with Dr. Carver, the Riddler says:

"I'm the Riddler, my deer girl. Who are YOU to ask ME questions?!"

That's not a typo. He's not saying "dear girl". He's saying "deer girl."
Also known as a doe.
Edward Nygma knew Jane Doe killed and replaced Dr. Carver.
She wasn't a real doctor. So who was she to ask him questions?

AA: LH #4, PAGE 16, Panel Two
In a flashback sequence set after the Jane Doe/Dr. Carver switch would have taken place...
Cash is laying into the Riddler for writing riddles on the floor in soap instead of doing his work detail.
If only Cash had taken the time to read that riddle...

"Who got out by getting a HEAD?"


I just can't pretend to care.
I'M THE RIDDLER! MY DEER GIRL, WHO ARE *YOU* TO ASK *ME* QUESTIONS?!
Y'KNOW, NYGMA, YOU'RE RIGHT. I DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER TO YOUR LITTLE RIDDLE.
SO LET ME GIVE YOU ONE OF MINE.
"WHAT INMATE IS GOING TO BE MISSING MOST OF HIS TEETH IF HE DOESN'T DO HIS WORK DETAIL?"
MR. CASH! COME IN! CODE RED! PICK UP!
WHO GOT OUT
BY GETTING A HEA

SOOK

WELCOME TO THE SCARIEST CORNER OF GOTHAM CITY!

A dark and chilling prison drama, BATMAN: ARKHAM ASYLUM: LIVING HELL exposes the true depravity and lunacy of Batman's greatest foes and the notorious sanitarium that they call home.

Looking to escape a long prison term for embezzlement, the finance world's "Great White Shark," Warren White, pleads insanity and finds himself remanded to Gotham City's Arkham Asylum for the Criminally Insane. Now living in a violent house of madness with such deranged killers as the Joker and Two-Face, the white-collar criminal's plea becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy as he embarks on his own personal journey of insanity!

BATMAN: ARKHAM ASYLUM: LIVING HELL (collects issues #1-6) is the first-ever deluxe hardcover edition of this critically acclaimed series from Dan Slott (*The Amazing Spider-Man*) and artists Ryan Sook (BATMAN, SEVEN SOLDIERS OF VICTORY), Wade Von Grawbadger (STARMAN, *New Avengers*) and Jim Royal (JUSTICE LEAGUE UNLIMITED). This volume features behind-the-scenes sketches and never-before-seen extra bonus material from Ryan Sook!

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